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London:

FINDEN'S

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

LIFE AND WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON.

WITH ORIGINAL AND SELECTED INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECTS OF THE ENGRAVINGS

BY

W. BROCKEDON,

MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIES OF FINE ARTS AT FLORENCE AND AT ROME;

AUTHOR OF "THE PASSES OF THE ALPS," &c.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET:

SOLD ALSO BY

CHARLES TILT, FLEET STREET.

1833.

86151

LONDON:
J. MOYES, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

LIST OF PLATES.

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LAUSANNE (Title Vionette)	C. Stanfield, a.r.a.	
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CORK CONVENT, near Cintra	C. Stanfield, a.r.a.	Captain Elliot.
CONVENT OF LA PENA	Lieut.-Col. Batty.	
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LADY CAROLINE LAMB	(Original Drawing.)	
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PETRARCH'S HOUSE	B. Hoppner, Esq.	
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RHODES	J.M.W.Turner, r.a.	W. Page.
THE DRACHENFELS	J.M.W.Turner, r.a.	
MR. MURRAY	From a Portrait by H.W.Pickersgill, r.a.	

LAUSANNE.

VIGNETTE.

This beautiful vignette, by Mr. Stanfield, is taken from near Lausanne, on the road to Berne, looking back upon the town and the lake and the mountains which bound its eastern shore.



ROME.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A.

" Turn to the Mole which Hadrian reared on high,
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doomed the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: How smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from such a birth!

* * * * * *

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day —
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay."

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 152 and 78.

ROME.

This fine view of Rome, taken from above the Porta di Santo Spirito, commands the castle of St. Angelo, anciently the Mole of Hadrian, the Bridge of St. Angelo, and the left bank of the Tiber, as it washes the modern city in its course, from the Ripetta to the bridge. The most distant part of the city in the view is bounded by the Villa Medici, at present the French Academy, and on its left by the Trinita de Monte; beyond these is the range of mountains which bound the Campagna of Rome.



Very truly yours
Walter Scott

Abbotsford
3 Sept.
1824

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF MR MURRAY.
PAINTED 1824.

London Published 1833, by J. Murray, & Sold by C. Tilt, 86 Fleet Street

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

From a Painting by G. S. Newton, Esq. R.A.

——— "Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth."
Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 40.

The profound regard and respect in which Byron held the character and talents of Scott, long before he became personally acquainted with him, is recorded in numerous passages of his poems and his journals, though he introduced him into his satire of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," with a reproach for selling his talents:—

"Let others spin their meagre lines for hire,
Enough for genius if itself inspire."

"When Byron wrote his famous satire," says Scott, "I had my share of flagellation among my betters. On the other hand, Lord Byron paid me, in several passages, so much more praise than I deserved, that I

must have been more irritable than I have ever felt upon such subjects, not to sit down contented and think no more about the matter. I was, however, so far from having any thing to do with the offensive criticism in the Edinburgh, that I remonstrated against it with the editor, because I thought the 'Hours of Idleness' treated with undue severity."

Before the meeting of these two great men, Scott, availing himself of an opportunity which a visit paid by Mr. Murray to him in Scotland afforded, intrusted to his care a superb Turkish dagger, as a present to Lord Byron, and expressed a great desire to make his acquaintance: this led to some correspondence. Shortly afterwards, upon Scott's coming to London, these extraordinary men became personally known to each other; and Byron, in return for the present made by Scott, gave him a sepulchral vase of silver, which contained some human bones that had been dug up from under the old walls of Athens. Scott's account of this commencement of their friendship is published in Moore's "Life of Byron."

Few things appear to have given Byron more unalloyed delight than a kind and generous review of the third canto of "Childe Harold," which appeared in the Quarterly. On receiving it, Byron (letter 264*)

* The letters referred to by number are in "Murray's complete edition of Lord Byron's Life and Works."

thus expressed his gratification to Mr. Murray:—"Those who condemn its partiality must praise its generosity. The temptations to take another and a less favourable view of the question have been so great and numerous, that, what with public opinion, politics, &c. he must be a gallant as well as a good man who has ventured, in that place, and at this time, to write such an article even anonymously: such things are, however, their own reward; and I even flatter myself that the writer, whoever he may be (and I have no guess), will not regret that the perusal of this has given me as much gratification as any composition of that nature could give, and more than any other has given,—and I have had a good many in my time, of one kind or the other. It is not the mere praise, but there is a *tact* and a *delicacy* throughout, not only with regard to me, but to *others*, which, as it has not been observed *elsewhere*, I had till now doubted whether it could be observed *any where*. Perhaps, some day or other, you will know, or tell me, the writer's name; be assured, had the article been a harsh one, I should not have asked for it."

When Byron learnt to whom he was indebted for the review, he said, in a letter to Mr. Murray (letter 268), "Some weeks ago I wrote to you my acknowledgments of Walter Scott's article. Now I know it to be his, it cannot add to my good opinion of him, but it adds to

that of myself. *He*, and Gifford, and Moore, are the only *regulars* I ever knew who had nothing of the *garrison* about their manner—no nonsense, nor affectations, look you! As for the rest whom I have known, there was always more or less of the author about them—the pen peeping from behind the ear, and the thumbs a little inky or so."

Byron acknowledged this to Scott himself. In a letter from Pisa, in 1822, he says,—" I owe to you far more than the usual obligation for the courtesies of literature and common friendship; for you went out of your way, in 1817, to do me a service, when it required not merely kindness, but courage, to do so. To have been recorded by you in such a manner would have been a proud memorial at any time, but at such a time, when ' all the world and his wife,' as the proverb goes, were trying to trample upon me, was something still higher to my self-esteem. Had it been a common criticism, however eloquent or panegyrical, I should have felt pleased and grateful, but not to the extent which the extraordinary good-heartedness of the whole proceeding must induce in any mind capable of such sensations."

A generous reciprocation of regard between these distinguished men continued until the career of Byron was closed in Greece, when Scott's acknowledgment of affection for his illustrious friend was conspicuously shewn in that touching tribute to his memory which

appeared in an Edinburgh paper, immediately after hearing of the fatal event, of which the greater part is republished in the fifteenth volume of Murray's "Life and Works of Lord Byron." It will be remembered from its beginning thus:—"Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death-notes which are pealed at intervals, as from an Archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity," &c. When this beautiful record of his friend's fate and his own feelings appeared, a writer in a weekly paper asks: "Why did he not publish these opinions of Lord Byron in the lifetime of the latter, when such a character, from such an authority, would have done real service to its living subject, and have silenced all those yelping curs in the kennels of authority who were incessantly barking at the moral and literary reputation of a grossly calumniated genius?" This question is put with something like virtuous indignation; will it be believed that the querist could shortly after publish a work, in which the character of the noble bard is misrepresented by ingratitude, calumny, and vituperation?

But the career of the great and the good "Ariosto of the North" has now closed also—he, whom Byron

spoke of as "the monarch of Parnassus and most English of bards," has ended his pilgrimage here, and left the immortal emanations of his wondrous mind to make men happier, and wiser, and better; and so universal has been the acknowledgment of his greatness and his worth, that the world has united to give expression to its respect and admiration for the memory of Sir Walter Scott. A fund has been raised to secure to his descendants the domains of Abbotsford: in the list of subscribers are found the names of the good, the learned, and the great—of those who have been gratified by the energies of that mind which still lives among us, and can die only with the destruction of all human record. All have been eager to record their testimony to his virtues and his talents. The following was the resolution offered to the Abbotsford meeting at the Egyptian Hall, May 19, 1833, by the Marquess of Salisbury:—

"That Sir Walter Scott, from his vast and varied genius as an author—from the pure and blameless course in which that genius was always exerted, and from the high worth and unblemished integrity of his public and private character, has the highest claims to the respect and admiration of his countrymen."



CORK CONVENT,

NEAR CINTRA.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, Esq. A.R.A., from a Sketch by Capt. Elliot.

" Here impious men have punished been; and lo!
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell."

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 20.

" This convent or hermitage is partly burrowed between the rocks which serve as vaults to the church, sacristy, and charter-house, &c. and partly built over the surface. The subterraneous apartments are lighted by holes cut obliquely in the rocks, and lined internally with cork to guard against the humidity. Hence it is called the Cork Convent. It is inhabited by about twenty hermits, of the most rigid order of St. Francis. They are governed by a prior, and live chiefly on fish, fruit, and bread; each has a separate cell, about the size of a grave, furnished with a mattrass; yet one of their community who lately died, named Honorius, thinking the meanest of these cells too luxurious a habitation, retired to a circular pit at the rear of the

hermitage, not larger than Diogenes' tub—for it is but four feet diameter—and here, after a residence of sixteen years, he ended his peaceful days at a good old age. The floor of it is strewed with leaves, which served for his bed; and the rugged stone which he used alternately as a pillow and a seat is still to be seen there. These instances of self-denial shew us into what a narrow compass all human wants might be reduced, and evince the truth of the poet's assertion,

> " ' Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long.'—*Goldsmith.*"
>
> *Murphy's Travels in Portugal.*

The Convent of the Santa Cruce de Cintra, or the Convent of the Holy Cross of the Cintra Rock, which perhaps is better known to the generality of readers by the appellation of the Cork Convent, is thus alluded to by Lord Byron: " Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph."

" As we," says Kinsey, " rode up to the rude portico of the convent, which is composed simply of two rocks forming a pointed arch by their approximation, the guardian of the fraternity overtook us, and, according to his request, made at the moment that he saw me taking notes of the building, I add the name of the worthy brother, Fr. Francisco da Circumcizaõ, and with the

more pleasure, as he politely restored me my cambric handkerchief which he had found in following our steps upon the road. The brethren, eighteen in number, are of the Franciscan order, and subsist chiefly by alms. On the first landing-place, leading to the entrance-door of the convent, and to the left, there is a pretty fountain of clear water, surmounted by a rudely carved image of Nossa Senhora da Roca, and placed between two large tables of stone, which are surrounded by seats for the weary pilgrim to repose upon. The umbrageous canopy of a wide-spreading cork-tree gives to this vestibule a dim religious light, as well as a most refreshing coolness, and we lingered there in conversation for some time before the monk could induce us to visit his flower-garden, his ponds containing golden fish, his rills of mountain-water, and the narrow paths climbed with difficulty from the masses of rock fantastically scattered about in the surrounding thicket. On either side of the vestibule there is a chapel, with a small confessional in it, at once a source of piety and reverence.

"We descended into the subterranean chapel, which is the largest, from a smaller one upon the upper floor. We observed over the high altar a figure of our Saviour, with a glory and crown on his head, apparelled in a crimson robe of silk, and leaning upon a cross, which his long tresses of hair partially concealed.

The Passion is represented on the side walls in Dutch tiles, and the images of St. John and St. Francis appear to be regarding the holy subject with intense interest. On the outside of the altar railing, and to the left hand, is the tomb of St. Honorius; and contiguous to it, as the place of greatest distinction, the cenotaph of D. Alvaro de Castro, the founder of the convent in the year 1564, and under the papacy of Pius IV.

"After hearing Francisco chant the *Asperges me, Domine,* and expressing our admiration of his fine deep bass voice, as well as of the curious pulpit, let into the wall, of his own invention, and of which he appeared to be very proud, we inspected the narrow cells of the convent, which are nothing more than cavities in the rock, and are lined with cork, and closed with cork-doors, as a defence against cold and humidity. In winter, however, such is the dampness of the situation, that the very rocks which are seen projecting into the cells run down with water; the blankets become saturated with moisture, and every little article of furniture is soon reduced to a state of decay.

"The spirit of Honorius seems to have deserted the fraternity in these latter days, who appear to prefer any discipline to that of enduring the painful inconveniences of a residence, either in winter or summer, within the precincts of this retreat; and Francisco was the only monk who presented himself on the occasion of our

visit. After sharing his loaf of coarse bread, served up to us in huge slices upon trenchers of cork—having tasted his *Colares*, and listened to his long recital of the *inimitable* excellences of Honorius—we looked into the den wherein the devotee had entitled himself to a high rank on the calendar of saints by thirty-five years of a debasing penance, and in which there is scarcely sufficient room for the reception of the human body; yet where the anchorite, by his self-inflicted torments, 'hoped to merit heaven by making earth a hell.'"



Drawn by Lieut Col Pratty

Engraved by C. Rolls

CONVENT OF LA PENA.

Drawn by Lieut.-Col. Batty.

"Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go;
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at 'Our Lady's House of Woe,'
Where frugal monks their little relics shew,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell."

Childe Harold, canto i. st. 22.

"On the highest point to which we were now approaching, across the heath-covered serra, is situated the Convent of the Pena, or Our Lady of the Height, according to the true import of the Celtic word *pen*. Passing to the southern side of the mountain, we ascended, by a winding and tediously steep road, to the platform upon which the convent is built; leaving to our left, lower down the hill, an enclosed arena, as we were informed, for the exhibition of bull-fights, which we rather wished than believed to be a misrepresentation. There is nothing remarkable in the convent, beyond some alabaster ornaments in the chapel, and upon one side

a curious organ-case, on which, in imitation of the Chinese style, is represented a scene, in gilt and brilliant colours, of a Chinese singer upon a raised platform, surrounded by instrumental performers, in the act of holding a piece of music in his left hand, and giving full effect to the chant, or beating time with his right; and this, with the usual 'celestial' observance of the laws of perspective. There was not one monk in the building to greet our arrival; and we learned from the Galician domestic, who conducted us over the apartments, that the society was about to be dissolved, and that he had the distressing prospect before him of returning, after five years' service, to starve amidst his native mountains.

"The best idea of the rudely shaped masses of rock which are scattered over the serra, and the volcanic appearance of the upper part of the wild range of the Cintra heights, is to be obtained from a wall on the western side of the convent, whence the view runs along the wooded side of the whole mountain course, skirting Cintra and Colares, down to the shores of the Atlantic. The mountains of Cintra are said to have been known to the ancients as the Montes Lunæ, and the Cabo de Roca as the Promontorium Magnum, upon which was erected a temple dedicated to Cynthia, whence some etymologists fancifully trace the origin of the appellation Cintra."—*Kinsey's Portugal Illustrated.*



CINTRA.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, Esq., A.R.A., from a Sketch by Col. Sir Samuel Hawker.

"I must just observe, that the village of Cintra, in Estremadura, is the most beautiful perhaps in the world."

Byron's Letter to Mr. Hodgson.

"The climate of Cintra is decidedly damp, owing to its western aspect and its proximity to the sea; and, indeed, such is the humidity of the atmosphere early in the autumn, that families are often compelled to return to their residences in Lisbon, in order to avoid colds, fevers, and rheumatism, before the end of September. The houses of the town are prettily scattered about the breast of the hill, and their gardens abound with all those flowers, shrubs, and trees whose nature is congenial with warmth of climate. The principal street, if it deserve the appellation, is allowed to remain encumbered with filth, which, were the temperature of the atmosphere as high here as at Lisbon, would render Cintra equally insupportable in the summer. The shops are sufficiently numerous and good; and the

manufacture of open-worked stockings and cheesecakes affords employment to a considerable portion of the inhabitants. The open grated windows of the prison, as in other Portuguese towns, even upon the ground-floor, allow free communication between the prisoners and their friends, and every passing stranger. The view down the valley, from the space in front of the church, is singularly beautiful, comprising all the quintas and gardens in the lower part of the town."

The various views of Cintra, and of the most interesting objects around it, given in these Illustrations, will convey an idea beyond language of the scenes which Byron so highly eulogised.



LAUSANNE.

Drawn by Copley Fielding.

" Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name." *

Childe Harold, canto iii. st. 105.

At Ouchy, the little port of Lausanne, on the lake of Geneva, Lord Byron was detained, as he reports to Mr. Murray (letter 242): " I am thus far (kept by stress of weather) on my way back to Diodati, (near Geneva,) from a voyage in my boat round the lake; and I enclose you a sprig of *Gibbon's acacia*, and some rose-leaves from his garden, which, with part of his house, I have just seen."

During this detention, in a small inn at Ouchy, Byron wrote " The Prisoner of Chillon,"—" adding," as Moore has expressed it, " one more deathless association to the already immortalised localities of the lake."

In addition to the house of Gibbon, the English traveller now makes a pilgrimage to the tomb of a

* Gibbon and Voltaire.

friend of Byron—John Philip Kemble. He reposes in the cemetery, beneath a plain stone slab distinguished by his name. It is enclosed within some iron rails, and surrounded by shrubs, of which the leaves are thinned by English travellers, and kept as certificates of their visit to the tomb of Kemble.

Lausanne, the capital of the Pays de Vaud, is delightfully situated near the lake. It is seated on high ground; and from various points the most beautiful views of the eastern shores, and the mountains around them, are presented to the observer. The approach from the west in Mr. Copley Fielding's view, is one which embraces most of those features in landscape scenery which form the charm of the country around Lausanne.



Engraved by W. Finden

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

From an Original Drawing in the possession of Mr. Murray.

The intimacy of Lord Byron with Lady Caroline Lamb and her family, and the frequent allusions to her in his "Life and Works," rendered it desirable, in the estimation of the proprietors, that her portrait should be introduced into these Illustrations.

A biographer in the "Monthly Magazine" for 1828, says,—"With one of the best and most benevolent of hearts, Lady Caroline Lamb, who has lately passed to her final audit, was, perhaps, one of the unhappiest of women—a woman at all times, if we mistake not, more sinned against than sinning. Her *liaison* with Lord Byron excited much notice and much scandal in the fashionable world; but, from the best of sources, we have reason to believe that her abberations were only the aberrations of the imagination,—in other words, that the attachment on the part of Lady Caroline to Lord Byron was not of a criminal nature.

"Lady Caroline Ponsonby was the only daughter of the Right Honourable Frederick Ponsonby, Earl of Besborough. She was born on the 13th of November,

1785. Her education was under the immediate eye of her grandmother, the accomplished Countess Dowager Spencer. Slight and delicate in form, beautiful in the expression of her countenance—her dark hair and eyes contrasted with the fairness of her complexion—it was natural that she should have many admirers. Of these the favoured one was the Honourable William Lamb, eldest son of Lord Melbourne, to whom she was united the 3d of June, 1805. Of three children, the issue of this marriage, George Augustus Frederick is the only one now living.

"She was mistress of several living and dead languages; her powers of conversation were lively and brilliant, and her compositions in verse, as well as in prose, were evidently the emanations of an elegant and benevolent mind. Living in the gay world, and possessing a fervid and eccentric imagination, she appears to have been fascinated by the poetical and intellectual powers of Lord Byron, between whom and her ladyship there was an intimacy of nearly three years' duration. The rupture of that intimacy produced a depression of spirits in Lady Caroline, amounting at times almost to insanity. Lord Byron is said to have most cruelly and culpably trifled with her feelings.

"For several years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, not uninterrupted, however, by many a painful recollection of his lordship. It happened, very remarkably, that whilst riding with her husband,

she met, just by the Park gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. The shock was dreadful. She was carried home in a state of insensibility; a long and severe illness ensued; and that, during her sufferings, there were at times wanderings of intellect, is, we believe, beyond a doubt. A change came over her habits; and about three years ago a separation took place between her and Mr. Lamb.

"It should be known, however, that her husband continued to visit her, to correspond with her, to treat her with the utmost kindness; and that, when her last hour approached, he travelled from Dublin to London, to be present at the sad and closing scene.

"It was after her difference with Lord Byron that Lady Caroline wrote her novel of 'Glenarvon,' the chief character in which was generally understood at the time to have been intended as a portrait of his lordship. Some of the scenes of this novel were too highly coloured, yet it successfully exposed many of the vices of the fashionable world, and conveyed important lessons to the young and ardent of both sexes.

"Lady Caroline's next production was 'Graham Hamilton.' This book was written with great care, and its sentiments were those of the utmost purity. Her next and her favourite work was the highly imaginative romance of 'Ada Reis;' that, too, in point of morality, is altogether unobjectionable.

"The impassioned workings of Lady Caroline's spirit seem to have been too powerful for her slight and fragile frame. She had long been in a state of declining health. On her death-bed her mind was perfectly tranquil and lucid: without pain, and without a struggle, she expired as a Christian would wish to expire, on the evening of Friday the 25th of January, 1828.

"Her ladyship died in Pall Mall. Her remains were removed for interment to the family cemetery of Lord Melbourne, at Hatfield. The Hon. William Lamb, her husband, and Mr. William Ponsonby, attended the funeral as chief mourners."

Lord Byron, in mentioning "Glenarvon," says of it: "Madame de Stael told me marvellous and grievous things. * * I have not even a guess at the contents, except from the very vague accounts I have heard." Subsequently, after reading it, he writes, "As for the likeness, it can't be good—I did not sit long enough." When an Italian translation was about to be published in Italy, the censor, Petrotini, refused to sanction it until he had consulted Lord Byron, who told him that he did not recognise the slightest relation between the book and himself; but that, whatever opinions there might be upon that subject, he would never prevent the publication of *any* book in *any* language on his own account. The poor translator was, therefore, allowed to proceed.



THE DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

From a Drawing by C. Stanfield, A.R.A.

" Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy soft pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none these marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

Sonnet on Chillon.

The fidelity with which Lord Byron described the scenes, to which he has given a deathless interest, is shewn in Mr. Stanfield's drawing of the interior of the prison. The whole number of pillars is not seen; but there are the

" columns massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp."

Prisoner of Chillon.

26151



DIODATI.

Drawn by William Purser.

"From Brussels the noble traveller pursued his course along the Rhine,—a line of road which he has strewed over with all the riches of poesy; and arriving at Geneva, took up his abode at the well-known hotel, Sécheron. After a stay of a few weeks at this place, he removed to a villa in the neighbourhood called Diodati, very beautifully situated on the high banks of the lake, where he established his residence for the remainder of the summer."—*Moore's Life of Byron.*

The Campagna of Diodati is a league from Geneva and Pisa, a little beyond Coligny, on the eastern shore of the lake; it is a modern house, though not built by the present owners. The saloon extends the width of it, and there is a balcony in front on which the saloon opens with two windows. It is a good-sized plain house. A few trees grow near it, and its *locale* is beautiful. It stands out of the great road from Geneva to Thonon, on the Belle Rive, at a considerable elevation above the lake, which it almost overhangs, and whence a vineyard sweeps down to the water's edge. It requires

ten minutes to attain the house from the landing-place. The windows command beautiful views to the south and the west of the city and the lake of Geneva, and the scenes bounded by the Jura. Diodati is so elevated, that even from the Coligny road the path ascends to its site.

Lord Byron arrived at Sécheron, near Geneva, at the latter end of May, and, excepting occasional short excursions on the lakes, remained there until the 17th of September, when, accompanied by Mr. Hobhouse, he made that interesting excursion of thirteen days to the Bernese-Oberland, where he drew those inspirations, so sublimely recorded, on his return from the mountains, in the poems of "Childe Harold" and "Manfred;" in the latter particularly, for Lord Byron, alluding to the source of his impressions, says, "As to the germs of it, they may be found in the journal which I sent to Mrs. Leigh, shortly before I left Switzerland. I have the whole scene of 'Manfred' before me, as if it was but yesterday, and could point it out, spot by spot, torrent and all."

During Lord Byron's residence at Diodati, he was much in the society of Mr. and Mrs. Shelley and of Dr. Polidori. He visited Madame de Staël at Coppet, and received visits from Mr. Hobhouse and other friends at his Campagna. Here his time was spent agreeably and rationally; and under other circumstances than the

recent wreck of his happiness at home, it would have been spent with pleasure and profit to himself. It was during his stay at Diodati that he felt and wrote nearly the whole of the third canto of "Childe Harold," and the two exquisite addresses to his sister, beginning,

> "Though the day of my destiny's over,"

and

> "My sister! my sweet sister! if a name
> Dearer and purer were, it should be thine," &c.

During his stay here, also, he wrote the "Monody upon the Death of Sheridan," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "The Dream," "Darkness," a part of "Manfred," and some minor poems, fragments, and sonnets; the unfinished "Vampire," and a romance in prose, which after some progress he burned. And all this was done during the short period of four months—the very intensity of his feelings from recent domestic events stirring up all the energies of his genius, as if he sought, in excessive mental occupation, relief from the worm that was eating at his heart's core. In a letter to Mr. Murray, dated just before his departure from Diodati, he writes, "God help me! if I proceed in this scribbling, I shall have frittered away my mind before I am thirty; but it is at times a real relief to me." Yet, with all his occupation, and these feelings, at Diodati,

the round of his habits was regular when alone, and his regimen and diet were carried to an incredible degree of abstemiousness. After breakfasting late, he usually visited the cottage of Shelley, who lived near him, then made an excursion on the lake. "At five he dined (when he usually preferred being alone), and then, if the weather permitted, an excursion again. He and Shelley had joined in purchasing a boat, for which they gave twenty-five louis—a small sailing-vessel, fitted to stand the usual squalls of the climate, and, at that time, the only keeled boat on the lake. When the weather did not allow of their excursions after dinner, the inmates of the cottage passed their evenings at Diodati; and, when the rain rendered it inconvenient for them to return home, remained there to sleep. 'We often,' says one who was not the least ornamental of the party, 'sat up in conversation till the morning light. There was never any lack of subjects, and, grave or gay, we were always interested.'"

Lord Byron left Diodati early in October 1816, and wandered on recklessly to Venice. "After he had quitted the Campagna Diodati," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "the doors of the house were beset by travellers anxious to get a sight of the room in which the poet slept."



MARTIGNY.

Drawn by J. D. Harding.

In Lord Byron's last journey into Italy he went by the Simplon ; and, after leaving Diodati, dates his first letter *en route* from Martigny, and begins,—"Thus far on my way into Italy."

The view given by Mr. Harding is rather from Martigny than of it ; it is of the village of La Bâtie, an adjunct to Martigny, and lying directly in the route of the Simplon—the bourg of Martigny being more within the valley of the Drance. The ruins above the road are those of an old castle, built by Count Pierre of Savoy, to command and oppress the wretched Valaisans, who were within the reach of his power. It was subsequently possessed by the bishops of Sion ; and the inhabitants of Martigny have horrible traditions associated with it. The round tower has a dungeon of great depth, with which there is no communication except through a hole in the centre of the stone floor above it. Thousands of bats inhabit it ; and the heart recoils from the sound and emotion which a stone dropt into it from the chamber above produces.

The view from the old castle is very fine, particularly looking up the valley of the Rhone. In this direction the view extends to the mountains of St. Gothard. The prospect down the valley is bounded by the Jura; and in the direction of the mountains of the Great St. Bernard, the eye commands also the bourg of Martigny and the end of the valley of the Drance.



THUN.

Drawn by T. S. Cooper.

Lord Byron visited Thun and its lake during the interesting excursion which he made to the Alps, in company with Mr. Hobhouse, in the autumn of 1816. He thus mentions Thun in his journal: —

"Entrance to the plain of Thoun very narrow; high rocks wooded to the top; river; rich mountains, with fine glaciers. Lake of Thoun; extensive plain, with a girdle of Alps. Walked down to the château of Schadau. View along the lake; crossed the river in a boat rowed by women. Thoun a very pretty town. The whole day's journey alpine and proud."

The town of Thun is beautifully situated near the north-western extremity of the lake, where its waters again narrow and flow on as the river Aar to Berne, whence it winds its devious course, through Switzerland, to the Rhine. Thun is distant from Berne about six leagues. It is a starting-point for alpine excursions of great interest: to the Gemmi, by the Kanderthal; to the Simmenthal; and by the lake to Unterseen and

Interlaken—the heart of the universally visited Oberland-Bernois.

The views from the elevations round Thun are most beautiful, and particularly from the Castle of Schadau, on the borders of the lake, mentioned by Lord Byron. It is a favourite point, where visitors learn and understand the names and bearings of the surrounding mountains.



Engraved by R. Brandard

VENICE

From the Entrance of the Grand Canal

VENICE,

FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL.

Drawn by J. D. Harding, from a Sketch by Lady Scott.

The scene represented in this engraving is rather of Venice in its glory, than in this its day of degradation: these gondolas and gaieties are of other times; now Melancholy pervades this city, and marks it for her own:

" In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone——

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored—
Neglected garment of her widowhood!
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood,
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequall'd dower."

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 3 and 11.

This feeling will prevail in the mind of every traveller, if he reflect, while he looks upon Venice, and contemplates what she was. Some one has written of Venice that it is "a huge pleasure-house:" his feelings must be strangely constituted who thinks that a gleam of sun-light on a tomb is a pleasurable object.

This city is full of strange anomalies; and they have been thus cleverly sketched by an author in "The Gem," an annual for 1829:

"Venice was always an unintelligible place, and is still unintelligible. I knew before that it was situated on many islands; that its highways were canals; that gondolas were its hackney-coaches; that it had Saint Mark's, and the Rialto, and the Doge's palace; and I know no more now. It was always a dream, and will continue a dream for ever. A man must be born, or live long enough to become endeared to it, before he will either understand or feel at home at Venice. It is a glorious place for cripples, for I know of no use that a gentleman has for his limbs; they are crutches to the bed-ridden, spectacles to the blind. You step out of your gondola into your hotel, and out of your hotel into a gondola; and this is all the exertion that is becoming. The Piazza di S. Marca, and the adjoining quay, are the only places where you can stretch a limb; and if you desire to do so, they carry you there, and bring you home again. To walk requires predetermination,

and you order your gondola, and go on purpose. To come to Venice, is to come on board; and it only differs from ship-board, that there is no danger of sea-sickness. The Canal Grande is nearly three hundred feet wide. Other canals are wide enough, but the widest street in the city is not more than ten or twelve feet from house to house, and the majority do not exceed six or eight. To wind and jostle through these irregularities is intolerable, and all but impossible; no one thinks of doing so; and who would that had a gondola at command? The gondola is all that is dreamy and delightful; its black funereal look in high imaginative contrast with its internal luxury. You float on without sensible motion; its cushions were stolen from Mammon's chambers, 'blown up, not stuffed;' you seat yourself upon one of them, and sink, sink, sink, as if it were all air; you throw your leg upon another, and if you have occasion for it, which is rare at Venice, must hunt after it—lost, sunk.

"Travellers, and Canaletti's Views, which are truth itself, give you a correct idea of Venice, but no idea of the strangeness of a first visit. It is not merely that there are canals and gondolas, but it is all canal and gondola. I know nothing to liken it to, but a large fleet wind-bound; you order your boat, and row round; and all that are at leisure do the same. Saint Mark's, of an evening, that attracts all in the same direction, is

but a ball on board the Commodore. If you laugh at this as extravagant, you will be right; but it is only extravagant because there is nothing real to compare with it. The fleet wind-bound is truth itself, and you have only to change the *Redentore* into the Spitfire, and the *Salute* into the Thunderer bomb, and it is real in feeling. Every thing is in agreement with this. If the common people want a peach or a pomegranate, they hail a boat; for the very barrow-women (if you will keep me to the reality, and drive me to the absurdity of such phrases) go floating about, and their cry is that half song, with the long dwelling on the final syllable, with which sailors call 'Boat a-hoy!' With all this, there is no place you would so much like to spend a winter at; and because of all this; it is so strange, new, and perplexing. The Venetians are said to be the most delightful people, and at Venice is said to be the pleasantest society, in Europe. It is impossible to doubt it. Society is the sole purpose for which they come here. They live on the continent, and Venice is but a huge pleasure-house."

In the distance of the view here given, is the church of Santa Maria della Salute. It is exuberantly laden with ornament on the exterior; within, though its arrangements are rich and splendid, they are in better taste.

The church was erected from the designs of Baldis-

sera Longhena, upon the cessation of the plague in 1630. In the sacristy are some fine pictures, especially the three celebrated pictures on the ceiling, the most sublime of the works of Titian—the Death of Abel, the Sacrifice of Abraham, and David conquering Goliath. These are conceived and executed with the energy of Michael Angelo, and with a powerful tone of colour, in strict accordance with the sublime conception and treatment of the subjects, worthy of the united genius of both, if both could have thus agreed to produce such stupendous works; but the honour is undivided—it is alone Titian's. So admirably adapted were they to a ceiling—the situation in which they are seen—and no other, that when the French robbed the Venetian churches and galleries to decorate the Louvre, these were taken down; but out of their own place they were utterly incomprehensible. The *savans* sent to remove them, placed them against the wall, and turned them round and round; till, finding that they were only fitted for such a spot as that from which they had been removed, they were replaced, and remain among the glories of Venice.



VENICE.

PONTE RIALTO.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, Esq., A.R.A.

" Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
About the dogeless city's vanished sway;
Our's is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock, and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore."

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 3 and 4.

Rialto is an English abbreviation. It is the name, not of the bridge, but of an island, one of the mud banks, and one of the first occupied by the founders of Venice; anciently it was called the Ripa Alta, or Riva Alta. The arch of this bridge, the largest in span in the city, connects the Rialto with other parts of Venice, and is called by the inhabitants, not *il Rialto*, but

Il Ponte di Rialto, as we say Westminster Bridge. On the island is the Exchange, where the merchants of this most celebrated commercial city met foreigners of every nation in correspondence with Venice, but principally Italians from other states of Italy, French, English, Spaniards, and Turks.

The present bridge of the Rialto was commenced in the year 1588, and completed in three years. Pasquali Cicogna was then Doge of Venice, and his arms appear in the centre of the arch. Vasari says the arch was built from a design made long before by Michael Angelo; and it is curious to observe, upon what in our day would by comparison appear to be a contemptible work, how great names are pressed into the honour of having built it. Palladio and Scamozzi were said to have exerted their genius upon it, and Sansovino to have presented a plan to the Venetians. It is, however, built from a design furnished by Antonio da Ponte, the grandeur of what he had accomplished, in the opinion of his countrymen, probably furnishing the surname. This bridge, which is only eighty-three feet span, is approached by steps, for the curve of the arch is very abrupt. Upon it are two rows of shops, and three paths across it, the principal one between the shops in the centre, the other two on the sides between the shops and the balustrades. The shops are chiefly furnished with jewellery, haberdashery, perfumes, and articles for the toilette.



THE LIDO,

AND

PORT ST. NICOLAS.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A.

The Lido, or shore, may be considered the natural breakwater of Venice: it is a sand embankment, about two miles from St. Mark's Place at its nearest point. It extends nearly twenty miles from Chioggia to the Port of St. Nicolas du Lido. There are three entrances to the Lagunes: the most southern is the Port di Chioggia; that in the middle is the Port of Malamocco; between these two is one of the finest sea embankments in the world, called the Murazzi of the Lido de Palestrina. The most northern entrance is the subject of the Plate, the Port of St. Nicolas. The city appears in the extreme distance within. Below the Port of St. Nicolas is the Lido de Malamocco, bearing the more general name of Lido, the favourite shore for enjoying the sea breezes of the Adriatic. On the Lagune side of this embankment are gardens and meadows.

Lord Byron, in writing to Mr. Moore (Letter 307),

says: "Talking of horses, by the way, I have transported my own, four in number, to the Lido (*beach* in English), a strip of some ten miles along the Adriatic, a mile or two from the city; so that I not only get a row in my gondola, but a spanking gallop of some miles daily along a firm and solitary beach, from the fortress to Malamocco, the which contributes considerably to my health and spirits."

Of his daily rides on the Lido, which he mentions in this letter, the following account, by a gentleman who lived a good deal with him at Venice, will be found in Moore's "Life of Lord Byron:"—

"Almost immediately after Mr. Hobhouse's departure, Lord Byron proposed to me to accompany him in his rides on the Lido. One of the long, narrow islands which separate the Lagune, in the midst of which Venice stands, from the Adriatic, is more particularly distinguished by this name. At one extremity is a fortification, which, with the Castle of St. Andrea on an island on the opposite side, defends the nearest entrance to the city from the sea. In times of peace this fortification is almost dismantled, and Lord Byron had hired here of the Commandant an unoccupied stable, where he kept his horses. The distance from the city was not very considerable; it was much less than to the Terra Firma, and, as far as it went, the spot was not ineligible for riding.

" Every day that the weather would permit, Lord Byron called for me in his gondola, and we found the horses waiting for us outside of the fort. We rode as far as we could along the sea-shore, and then on a kind of dyke, or embankment, which has been raised where the island was very narrow, as far as another small fort about half-way between the principal one which I have already mentioned, and the town or village of Malamocco, which is near the other extremity of the island, —the distance between the two forts being about three miles.

" On the land side of the embankment, not far from the smaller fort, was a boundary stone, which probably marked some division of property,—all the side of the island nearest the Lagune being divided into gardens for the cultivation of vegetables for the Venetian markets. At the foot of this stone Lord Byron repeatedly told me that I should cause him to be interred, if he should die in Venice, or its neighbourhood, during my residence there; and he appeared to think, as he was not a Catholic, that, on the part of the government, there could be no obstacle to his interment in an unhallowed spot of ground by the sea-side. * * *

" Nothing could be more delightful than these rides on the Lido were to me. We were from half to three quarters of an hour crossing the water, during which his conversation was always most amusing and inter-

esting. Sometimes he would bring with him any new book he had received, and read to me the passages which most struck him. Often he would repeat to me whole stanzas of the poems he was engaged in writing, as he had composed them on the preceding evening; and this was the more interesting to me, because I could frequently trace in them some idea which he had started in our conversation of the preceding day, or some remark, the effect of which he had been evidently trying upon me. Occasionally, too, he spoke of his own affairs, making me repeat all I had heard with regard to him, and desiring that I would not spare him, but let him know the worst that was said."

The rides on the Lido appear to have been one of the great means of enjoyment which Lord Byron afforded to his friends at Venice. Shelley, who visited him there in 1818, says: "At three o'clock I called on Lord Byron; he was delighted to see me, and our first conversation, of course, consisted in the object of our visit. He took me in his gondola, across the Laguna, to a long, strandy sand, which defends Venice from the Adriatic. When we disembarked, we found his horses waiting for us, and we rode along the sands talking." These rides appear to have suggested the idea of Shelley's poem of "Julian and Maddalo." Under the latter name he personated his friend.



Yr. L.
V. Hugo
Jan. 11 1832

THOMAS MOORE.

From a Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

The circumstances of Lord Byron's first acquaintance with Mr. Moore are given at length in Moore's "Life of Byron." The short notices which accompany these portraits illustrative of the "Life and Works of Lord Byron," are confined chiefly to the acquaintance of the parties with his lordship.

In the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," allusion was made by Byron to the bloodless duel of Moore and Jeffrey, and that, too, subsequent to Moore's public denial of what Byron called an "incident which gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints." Moore wrote to Byron, demanding an explanation; this letter was not forwarded to him from England. When, in 1811, Lord Byron returned, a correspondence commenced which led to an amicable result, and to their meeting at Mr. Rogers's house; where a friendship began which continued to Lord Byron's death. There is much frankness in Moore's account of the commencement of this friendship; for the way in which he coquetted with

his lordship to obtain it would not have been avowed by an inferior mind. After inserting the letters, Moore says :

" It can hardly, I think, be necessary to call the reader's attention to the good sense, self-possession, and frankness, of these letters of Lord Byron. I had placed him—by the somewhat national confusion which I had made of the boundaries of peace and war, of hostility and friendship—in a position which, ignorant as he was of the character of the person who addressed him, it required all the watchfulness of his sense of honour to guard from surprise or snare. Hence the judicious reserve with which he abstained from noticing my advances towards acquaintance, till he should have ascertained exactly whether the explanation which he was willing to give would be such as his correspondent would be satisfied to receive. The moment he was set at rest on this point, the frankness of his nature displayed itself; and the disregard of all further mediation or etiquette, with which he at once professed himself ready to meet me ' when, where, and how' I pleased, shewed that he could be as pliant and confiding *after* such an understanding, as he had been judiciously reserved and punctilious *before* it.

" Such did I find Lord Byron, on my first experience of him; and such—so open and manly-minded —did I find him to the last."

It is to his lordship's correspondence with his friend that we are indebted for that display of the workings of his wondrous mind during the eventful years of his short life. Towards Moore he seems to have had no reserve—no one appears to have had so implicitly his confidence, unless it be Mr. Murray. In 1819, Mr. Moore, on his way to Rome, visited Byron at Venice; and his sketch of their meeting there is very interesting. "The delight I felt in meeting him once more, after a separation of so many years, was not a little heightened by observing that his pleasure was, to the full, as great, while it was rendered doubly touching by the evident rarity to him of such meetings of late, and the frank outbreak of cordiality and gaiety with which he gave way to his feelings. It would be impossible, indeed, to convey to those who have not, at some time or other, felt the charm of his manner, any idea of what it could be when under the influence of such pleasurable excitement as it was most flatteringly evident he experienced at this moment."

Moore had called upon his noble friend at La Mira, his campagna on the banks of the Brenta; and they proceeded together to Lord Byron's house, the Moncenigo Palace at Venice, which his lordship insisted upon Moore's occupying during his stay. Dinner was immediately ordered from a trattoria; and whilst waiting for it, and looking out of the window upon the Grand

Canal, a gondola, with two English gentlemen in it, passed; they looked towards the window, when Lord Byron, in the joyousness of delight at having his friend with him, put his arms a-kimbo, and said, with a comic swagger, "Ah, if you, John Bulls, knew who the two fellows are, now standing up here, I think you *would* stare." At Venice they spent five or six days together, seeing sights, taking aquatic excursions, and rides on the Lido: thus passed the day—the evenings were spent in society. It was during this visit that Lord Byron put into the hands of his friend those memoirs, about the destruction of which so much mystery hangs. On the day of their separation, Moore says: "A short time before dinner he left the room, and in a minute or two returned, carrying in his hand a white leathern bag. 'Look here,' he said, holding it up, 'this would be worth something to Murray, though *you*, I daresay, would not give sixpence for it.' 'What is it?' I asked. 'My life and adventures,' he answered. On hearing this, I raised my hands in a gesture of wonder. 'It is not a thing,' he continued, 'that can be published during my lifetime; but you may have it, if you like—there, do whatever you please with it.' In taking the bag, and thanking him most warmly, I added, 'This will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it.' And this is nearly word

for word the whole of what passed between us on the subject."

"When it was time for me to depart, he expressed his intention to accompany me for a few miles; and, ordering his horses to follow, proceeded with me as far as Strà, where, for the last time—how little thinking it was to be the last!—I bade my kind and admirable friend farewell."

Their correspondence, however, continued until within six weeks of the death of his noble friend, whose last letter to him is dated from Missolonghi, March 4, 1824.



Painted by [illegible]

Engraved by [illegible]

PETRARCH'S HOUSE

Arqua

PETRARCH'S HOUSE.

Painted by B. Hoppner, Esq.

" They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died —
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their pride —
An honest pride — and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

And the soft, quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shews a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,
For they can lure no further ; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holyday —

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality."

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 31-3.

"PETRARCH retired to Arquà immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and, with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice in company with Francesco Novello da Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and on the morning of July the 19th, in the year 1374, was found dead in his library chair, with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shewn amongst the precious relics of Arquà, which, from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to every thing relative to this great man from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shakspearian memorials of Stratford-upon-Avon.

"Arquà (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the

high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat, well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view, not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns, are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid—for he cannot be said to be buried—in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately planted laurels. Petrarch's

Fountain, for here every thing is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live."

The feelings with which Petrarch retired to Arquà have been recorded in one of his letters, where he says, "I have built amongst the Euganean hills a small house, decent and proper, in which I hope to pass the rest of my days, thinking always of my dead or absent friends." All that is now associated with Petrarch at Arquà, makes this a place of poetic pilgrimage. Rogers has given this record of it:—

> "And could I now
> Neglect the place, where, in a graver mood,
> When he had done and settled with the world—
> When all the illusions of his youth had fled,
> Indulged, perhaps, too much, cherished too long—

He came for the conclusion? Half-way up
He built his house, whence, as by stealth, he caught,
Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life,
That soothed, not stirred— But knock, and enter in.
This was his chamber; 'tis as when he went—
As if he now were in his orchard-grove;
And this his closet. Here he sat and read.
This was his chair; and in it, unobserved—
Reading or thinking of his absent friends,
He passed away as in a quiet slumber."

Petrarch's house, considering it as a residence, was (in 1826) nearly in ruins. A long, stony hill led to it from the church. Its outer walks were plain, irregular, and crumbling, and the small balconies breaking away. The lower floor was used for granaries, and inhabited by a poor farmer's family, who shewed the place. The second, or upper story, consisted of five nearly unfurnished rooms. On some of the walls were to be traced the remains of rude frescos. The subjects were unintelligible, but the people declared they were *all about Laura.* In the second room the visitors entered their names in an album, and then passed on to the unpainted panelled door of Petrarch's chamber, which was kept locked, to preserve the few sacred relics of the poet. These consisted of his cat, embalmed in a niche over an inner door, with an inscription beneath, nearly illegible; and in the fourth room,

his wardrobe or book-press, and the chair in which they said he died. The latter were guarded by a wire frame-work, because visitors chipped off pieces, and broke the chair, which was very worm-eaten and crumbling, by rolling about in it while talking to the guide. The last room was a mere closet, in which they said he was fond of ruminating, and where he was found dead in his chair. The prospect from this small window over the rich gardens to the Euganean hills, which enclose the village, was most lovely. The small high-scented fig, the vine, and the pomegranate, were particularly luxuriant in Petrarch's garden.



FERRARA.

Drawn by S. Prout.

" Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impelled, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame:
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
And see how dearly earned Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:
The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
Scattered the clouds away — and on that name attend

The tears and praises of all time."

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 35–37.

Lord Byron visited Ferrara, on his way to Rome in April 1817; and a visit to the prison of Tasso roused the energies of his genius, not only to the above fine allusion to the author of "Jerusalem Delivered," but to the poems of the "Lament of Tasso" and "Parasina." In June 1819, he again visited these scenes, and writes, "I went over the Ariosto MSS., &c. again at Ferrara, with the castle, and cell, and house, &c. Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated, but the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parasina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon."

"Ferrara is supposed to occupy the site of *Forum Allieni*, which, contracted to *Forum Arrii*, would easily pass into its present name. The modern city dates its foundation from the fifth century, when the invasion of the Huns, and the destruction of Aquileia, drove the inhabitants to take refuge amid marshes and forests. Its origin is therefore similar to Venice itself. In 585, it was fortified by Smaragdus, the exarch of Ravenna, but it was subsequently enlarged at various times. The era of its glory dates from the thirteenth century, under the house of Este, first as its chief magistrates, and afterwards as hereditary princes, either holding of the Pope, or maintaining their independence. On the demise of the last duke it reverted to the Pope; and from that period we may date its rapid decline. A cardinal

legate now resides in the ducal palace, which stands moated and flanked with towers in the heart of the subjugated town, like a tyrant entrenched among slaves. There is nothing very remarkable in its architecture, nor in that of any of the other buildings; but the palaces have an air of solidity and magnificence. The straight streets in the new parts of the town want houses, while every where there are traces of decay." "During the greater part of the sixteenth century there were few of the courts of Europe that could vie in splendour with that of Ferrara, and polished strangers from France and Germany were astonished at its magnificence."

The author of the "Orlando," the Homer of modern Italy, is claimed with pride by the Ferrarese as a fellow-citizen, although he was born at Reggio. They possess his bones, and can shew his arm-chair, his ink-stand, and his autographs. The house in which he resided, the room in which he died, are designated by his own memorial replaced on the outside, and by a recent inscription, which states that two hundred and eighty years after the death of the divine poet, the house was purchased and repaired by the *Podesta*, at the expense of the city. Ariosto was buried in the church of the Benedictines. The bust which there surmounted his tomb was struck by lightning about the middle of the last century, and a crown

of iron laurels which wreathed the brows of the poet was melted away; an incident of which Lord Byron has made an elegant use in his well-known stanzas descriptive of Ferrara—

" The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurels' mimicked leaves;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow:
Yet still, if fondly superstition grieves,
Know that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes—yon head is doubly sacred now."

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 41.

Hazlitt, in his " Notes of a Journey through France and Italy," says: " Of all the places I have seen in Italy, it is the one I should by far most covet to live in. It is the *ideal* of an Italian city, once great, now a shadow of itself. Whichever way you turn, you are struck with picturesque beauty and faded splendours, but with nothing squalid, mean, or vulgar. The grass grows in the well-paved streets. You look down long avenues of buildings, or of garden-walls, with summer-houses or fruit-trees projecting over them, and airy palaces with dark portraits gleaming through the grated windows. You turn, and a chapel bounds your view one way—a broken arch another, at the end of the vacant, glim-

mering, fairy perspective. You are in a dream—in the heart of a romance; you enjoy the most perfect solitude—that of a city which was once filled with 'the busy hum of men,' and of which the tremulous fragments at every step strike the sense, and call up reflection. In short, nothing is to be seen of Ferrara but the remains, graceful and romantic, of what it was; no sordid object intercepts or sullies the retrospect of the past; it is not degraded and patched up, like Rome, with upstart improvements—with earthenware and oil-shops; it is a classic vestige of antiquity, drooping into peaceful decay—a sylvan suburb—

> 'Where buttress, wall, and tower,
> Seem fading fast away
> From human thoughts and purposes,
> To yield to some transforming power,
> And blend with the surrounding trees.'

Here Ariosto lived—here Tasso occupied first a palace, and then a dungeon. Verona has even a more sounding name, boasts a finer situation, and contains the tomb of Juliet; but the same tender melancholy grace does not hang upon its walls, nor hover round its precincts, as round those of Ferrara, inviting to endless leisure and pensive musing. Ferrara, while it was an independent state, was a flourishing and wealthy city, and contained 70,000 inhabitants; but from the time it

fell into the hands of the Popes, in 1597, it declined; and it has now little more than an historical and poetical being."

"The whole appearance of this city is mournful in the highest degree. The day we were there was some local festival; and if Ferrara ever could look gay, it would have looked gay then. But never did city exhibit a more dismal and desolate aspect. The grass waved all over the streets, where the bordering palaces were crumbling to ruin, and the walls falling to decay. On account of this festival, the cathedral was richly hung with glaring draperies, which, in some measure, turned our observation from the building itself. Its architecture appeared to resemble most of the cathedrals in the north of Italy.

"The castle stands near the cathedral. It is still in good preservation—moated and towered as of old. But, no longer the scene of princely festivity or knightly gallantry, its decorated halls and wide courts resound only with the solemn tread of priests and the slow-rolling equipages of the cardinal legate, who resides here in quality of governor for the Pope. The walls and ceilings of the principal apartments are covered with now faded frescos by Titian and Dosso Dosso, the only painter of any eminence in the Ferrarese school."



BOLOGNA.

Drawn by J. D. Harding.

Lord Byron stayed a few days at Bologna, on his way to Ravenna, in 1819. He announced his arrival there in a letter to Mr. Hoppner: "I am at length joined to Bologna, where I am settled like a sausage, and shall be broiled like one, if this weather continues;" and to Mr. Murray he describes with great spirit a character whom he met with in the burying-ground of Bologna:

"I have been picture-gazing this morning at the famous Domenichino and Guido, both of which are superlative. I afterwards went to the beautiful cemetery of Bologna, beyond the walls; and found, besides the superb burial-ground, an original of a custode, who reminded one of the grave-digger in Hamlet. He has a collection of capuchins' sculls, labelled on the forehead; and taking down one of them, said, 'This was Brother Desiderio Berro, who died at forty—one of my best friends. I begged his head of his brethren after his disease, and they gave it me. I put it in lime, and then boiled it. Here it is, teeth and all, in excellent

preservation. He was the merriest, cleverest fellow I ever knew. Wherever he went, he brought joy; and whenever any one was melancholy, the sight of him was enough to make him cheerful again. He walked so actively, you might have taken him for a dancer—he joked—he laughed—Oh! he was such a Frate as I never saw before, nor ever shall again!'

"He told me that he had himself planted all the cypresses in the cemetery; that he had the greatest attachment to them and to his dead people; that since 1801 they had buried fifty-three thousand persons. In shewing some older monuments, there was that of a Roman girl of twenty, with a bust by Bernini. She was a Princess Barlorini, dead two centuries ago: he said, that on opening her grave, they had found her hair complete, and 'as yellow as gold.' Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance:

'Martini Luigi
Implora pace.'

'Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.'

Can any thing be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said or sought: the dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore!* There is all the helplessness, and humble

hope, and deathlike prayer, that can arise from the grave—'implora pace.'"

Bologna is finely situated. On approaching it, the country gradually improves and becomes better wooded. The extreme fertility of the rich plain in which it stands is indicated by the luxuriance of its vegetation, the city is provided with all the necessaries of life, and the portion of good society which it contains is of easy access to the stranger. The climate is reckoned salubrious; but Bologna is deemed one of the coldest places in Italy in winter, and one of the hottest in summer. Few strangers, however, rest here: it has the disadvantage of being within twenty-four hours' distance of Florence, with the attractions of which city it cannot compete. But there are many objects of interest to the traveller at Bologna—its gallery, which possesses some of the finest works of Guido, Domenichino, and the Caracci—its beautiful gardens, and those remarkable buildings, the leaning towers. From that of Asinelli, which is four hundred and seventy-six feet high, the fertile plain of Lombardy lies spread out below the observer, half-surrounded by the snowy Appennines; whilst the city of Bologna itself, with its towers, its palaces, churches, monasteries, and gardens, lies like a splendid map before the observer.



FLORENCE.

Drawn by Lieutenant-Colonel Batty.

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new morn."

Childe Harold, canto 4, st. 48.

This view, from the Belvedere, is perhaps one of the finest of Florence, where the Arno is seen winding through the city, and stretching away below it, in the Val d'Arno, till it is lost in the haze and distance. From no point of view does Florence more deservedly receive its appellation of "The Fair." It is the favourite scene which every artist and every amateur, if he sketch, adds to his collection, as it embraces most of the striking objects in the city, as well as conveys a just idea of the beautiful locality of Florence. The

bridges distinguished are the Rubaconte and the Ponte Vecchio; the woods on the borders of the river on the right, below the city, are those of the Cassine Reale — a feature peculiar to Florence, where, in the severe summer heats, refreshment is to be found in its beautiful shades; and where, in an evening, the visitor enjoys the songs of hundreds of nightingales and the illumination of thousands of fire-flies: it is then the favourite place of public resort. In the view, near the Ponte Vecchio, on the right, is the extremity of the grand ducal gallery, the castellated tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, and the cupola of the mausoleum of the Medici family, which is attached to the church of San Lorenzo. The next tower on the right is the campanile of the Duomo, and near it the stupendous dome of the cathedral. Altogether, the view presents such objects of interest and beauty as can scarcely be found together in any other scene in Europe.



IANTHE.

Drawn by R. Westall, R.A., from the original Picture painted at the request of Lord Byron.

TO IANTHE.

" Not in those climes where I have late been straying,
Though beauty long hath there been matchless deem'd;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dream'd,
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seem'd:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they beam'd—
To such as see thee not, my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee, what language could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring;
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West!—'tis well for me
My years already doubly number thine;
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine;
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mix'd with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why
To one so young my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:
My days once number'd, should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou wast,
Such is the most my memory may desire;
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship less require?"

Lord Byron appears to have been much struck with the sweetness and beauty of the little girl to whom these lines were addressed. They did not appear until several editions of "Childe Harold" had been sold, the first of which was published in March 1812. In the following autumn Byron visited Lord Oxford, to whose daughter, Lady Charlotte Harley (now Lady Charlotte Bacon), these lines were addressed: she had not then completed her eleventh year. He not only wrote these beautiful stanzas to her, but requested her to sit to Westall for her portrait, which he evidently contemplated as a beautiful subject for an engraving in the illustrated edition which Mr. Murray then proposed to publish; for in a note to him Lord Byron says, "Westall has, I believe, agreed to illustrate your book; and I fancy one of the engravings will be from the pretty little girl you saw the other day (Lady Charlotte Harley), though without her name, and merely as a model for some sketch connected with the subject."



PISA.

Drawn by J. D. Harding.

After the political events of 1821 had obliged the family of Count Gamba to quit Ravenna, Lord Byron went and resided at Pisa. Mr. Shelley was then living there; and this circumstance probably determined Byron's choice of that city. When about to leave Ravenna, he thus wrote to Moore: "I am in all the sweat, dust, and blasphemy of an universal packing of all my things, furniture, &c. for Pisa, whither I go for the winter. The cause has been the exile of all my fellow Carbonics, and amongst them the whole family of Madame G." In December he writes (Letter 470): "I have got here, into a famous old feudal palazzo, on the Arno, large enough for a garrison, with dungeons below, and cells in the walls; and so full of *ghosts,* that the learned Fletcher (my valet) has begged leave to change his room; and then refused to occupy his new room, because there were more ghosts there than in the other. It is quite true that there are most extraordinary noises (as in all old buildings), which have terrified the servants, so as to incommode one extremely. There is one place where people were evidently *walled up;* for there is but one possible passage

broken through the wall, and then meant to be closed again upon the inmate. The house belonged to the Lanfranchi family (the same mentioned by Ugolino in his dream as his persecutor with Sismondi), and has had a fierce owner or two in its time. The staircase is said to have been built by Michael Angelo." "I am, however, bothered about these spectres, as they say the last occupants were too, of whom I have as yet seen nothing, nor indeed heard (*myself*); but all the other ears have been regaled by all kinds of supernatural sounds. The first night I thought I heard an odd noise, but it has not been repeated. I have now been here more than a month."

The view of Pisa, in these "Illustrations," is taken from the road to Leghorn, below the city; it was selected because the Lanfranchi Palace, Lord Byron's residence, appears in the scene; it is a light house in the distance. A mountain branching from the chain of the Appennines is seen above the hills, in which are situated the Baths of Lucca; a cool retreat chosen by many of the visitors to Italy during the hot months of summer.

Lord Byron remained about nine months at Pisa. When the Count Gamba and his son were ordered to quit the states of Tuscany, Byron determined to accompany them; and, after some hesitation about the place of residence he should fix upon, decided upon Genoa, where he hired the Villa Saluzzo at Albaro, one of the suburbs of the city.

"Pisa," says Simond, "like Florence, is paved with large flag-stones of irregular sizes, but over which it is a pleasure to walk or drive. The Arno, which is of course larger here, is traversed by several very fine bridges. The quays also, and buildings on them, are in a superior style. Knowing, as we did, that the population, once 120,000 souls, some say 180,000, was now reduced to 20,000, we expected to see the greater part of the town empty and in ruins; yet no such appearance was observable, and some few houses even were building: the inhabitants, therefore, are well and spaciously lodged. We found the friend who had kindly invited us to her residence, although a person of very moderate fortune, settled in a palace. The first floor, principally occupied by the family, consisted of an immense hall 48 feet by 27 with a richly carved and painted ceiling, a large dining-room, two drawing-rooms, and five bed-chambers, besides kitchen and servants' rooms. Most of the windows looked over the Arno and its magnificent quays and bridges. The ground-floor, secured with grated windows and strong doors, was not inhabited; but a house in London with accommodations similar only to those of the first floor, and in a situation equally advantageous, would let for 700*l.* or 800*l.* a-year. Alighting at the door of this very fine abode (Palazzo Lanfranchi), we found it beset, and the outside flight of steps literally covered, with frightful-looking objects, —men, women, and children, basking in the sun to-

gether, eaten up with sores and vermin, and clamorous for alms:—such a sight, denoting a charitable house, is here deemed creditable. Scarcely any one in Italy thinks of preventing distress by giving timely and judicious encouragement to honest industry; it must actually have taken place, and be visible in rags and filth, to be entitled to commiseration and relief; and that relief, paltry and degrading, leaves its object wholly dependent for daily bread, yet perfectly careless about the future, and confident that the more idle, dirty, and ragged he appears, the more deserving of alms he will be deemed. Not that the fault is wholly that of individuals; the greater share in it is imputable to public institutions. When private property is at the mercy of a partial and corrupt administration of justice; when personal safety waits on the will of the powerful, and is less frequently violated only because it is sheltered by its insignificance; when exclusive privileges, prohibitions, restrictions, exclusions, shackle and impede every private undertaking; when custom-houses on the frontiers of every petty state or sovereignty, and at the gates of every town, obstruct the circulation of its products,—industry ceases to be operative, and there is no medium left between princes and beggars. If this applies to Tuscany, that political oasis of Italy, how much more is it applicable to the less favoured districts!"



Drawn by C. Cattermole

CAMPO SANTO

Pisa.

PISA.

CAMPO SANTO.

Drawn by G. Cattermole, from a Sketch by William Page.

The Campo Santo is one of the most interesting objects in the city of Pisa. It is one of four remarkable buildings, which, brought together within the same piazza, surpass, in the singularity of the *coup d'œil* which they effect, that of any other assembly of structures perhaps in the world. These four buildings are—the Leaning Tower, the bell of which tolled the signal of the revolution of Ugolino, whose dreadful fate is immortalised by Dante—the Baptistry—the Duomo—and the Campo Santo.

This extraordinary building was erected by the Pisan republic in the thirteenth century; and Giovanni Pisano, a celebrated sculptor and architect, was engaged in its execution. Though his labours ceased here in 1283, it continued to receive, throughout the fourteenth century, many of its present ornaments and enrichments.

Its form is a parallelogram, and in the centre is a place of sacred burial. The earth which fills it was transported thither by the Pisan navy from Jerusalem. Around the enclosure are four grand corridors or cloisters, lit from the centre by sixty-two Gothic arcade

windows: of these, twenty-six are on each of the great sides; the others are at the ends. Doors open into the Campo Santo from many parts of the corridors. On the pavement, and arranged around the walls, are more than six hundred sepulchres of marble, of the noble families and citizens of Pisa, of the members of pious fraternities and learned associations. There are also many ancient sarcophagi of Parian marble, which have been transported from Greece and Constantinople; of some of these the inscriptions are interesting. The sanctity of a burial in such holy ground was a distinction highly prized and paid for. It has been said that the earth of the Campo Santo had the property of consuming the bodies in twenty-four hours: it has no such virtue now.

The walls were painted in fresco all over, but many of the pictures are much decayed. They are among the earliest examples of the art, having been executed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, principally by Giotto, Orgagna, and Simone Memmi, and completed early in the sixteenth century by Benozzo Gozzoli—called the Raphael of the fifteenth century—whose monument, a tribute of respect from the Pisans, is placed near his works. These pictures are of great interest in the history of painting. The subjects are scriptural, and from traditions of the church; and though they are generally without arrangement, ill-composed, and fantastical, occasional excellence is seen in single figures

and some groups, which display the elegance of youth and the dignity of old age.

Simond, in his "Travels in Italy," &c., has the following remarks:—"The Campo Santo is a rectangular court of vast size, surrounded by a sort of Gothic arcade like an old cloister; the walls are painted in fresco, barbarously, yet with great indications of genius. It was constructed in the thirteenth century, for the purpose of securing an enormous heap of earth brought from the holy land by the Pisans on their return from the third crusade: it is said to be nine feet deep; and as the extent of the Campo Santo is rather more than two English acres, it would have required almost fifty ships of 300 tons burden—and perhaps three times that number of such vessels as were then in use—to transport such a bulk of sanctified mould; a great and meritorious undertaking, assuredly! Bodies buried in it are said to be safe from decay. Monuments of the illustrious dead, or of the rich dead who can afford to pay for expensive lodgings, are arranged along the walls. Algarotti, the friend of Frederic the Great, lies there: he too, it seems, had a taste for holy ground! The Leaning Tower, the Duomo, and the Campo Santo, to which I must add the Baptistery, another fine edifice, are situated near each other, on a lawn grazed short by sheep and goats; its perfect smoothness adds much to the general effect."



Percy B. Shelley.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

From an Original Picture.

The acquaintance of Lord Byron with Percy Bysshe Shelley commenced at the Hôtel Sècheron, near Geneva, where Lord Byron put up for a short time whilst he sought a campagna, which he obtained, at Diodati. Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were at Sècheron when Lord Byron arrived. Shelley had previously sent a presentation copy of his "Queen Mab" to Lord Byron, who had expressed warm admiration of the opening lines of that poem. The acquaintance begun here, speedily ripened into intimacy: the mutual admiration of each other's talents was its foundation; and some common sources of enjoyment, especially in boating upon the lake, made their friendship a source of pleasure and gratification to both.

Soon after Lord Byron had taken possession of Diodati, Mr. Shelley took a cottage within ten minutes' walk of his friend's residence; and they were consequently very much associated during their residence in the neighbourhood of Geneva. It was during one of the boating excursions towards the latter end of June

1816, that Byron and Shelley encountered the storm off the rocks of Meillerie, which Byron thus describes: "He was once with me in a gale of wind, in a small boat, right under the rocks between Meillerie and St. Gingo. We were five in the boat—a servant, two boatmen, and ourselves. The sail was mismanaged, and the boat was filling fast. He can't swim. I stripped off my coat, made him strip off his, and took hold of an oar, telling him that I thought (being myself an expert swimmer) I could save him, if he would not struggle when I took hold of him, unless we got smashed against the rocks, which were high and sharp, with an awkward surf on them at that minute. We were then about a hundred yards from shore, and the boat in peril. He answered me with the greatest coolness, 'that he had no notion of being saved; and that I would have enough to do to save myself, and begged not to trouble me.' Luckily the boat righted, and, bailing, we got round a point into St. Gingo, where the inhabitants came down and embraced the boatmen on their escape; the wind having been high enough to tear up some huge trees from the Alps above us, as we saw next day."

Lord Byron was visited during his residence at Venice, in 1818, by Shelley; who used to say of him, "that all he observed of the workings of Byron's mind during his visit gave him a far higher idea of

its powers than he had ever before entertained." It was then he took Byron for his model in sketching the character of Count Maddalo, in his poem of "Julian and Maddalo." Again, in 1821, Mr. Shelley, whose residence was then at Pisa, visited his lordship, at his earnest request, at Ravenna, when Shelley induced his noble friend to determine upon residing in Tuscany. The Countess Guiccioli had written to Shelley, entreating that he would not leave him until he had settled him at Pisa; but, says Shelley, "I have the greatest trouble to get away; and Lord Byron, as a reason for my stay, has urged, that without either me or the Guiccioli (she had fled to Florence from an attempt to entrap her into a convent), he will certainly fall into his old habits. I then talk, and he listens to reason; and I earnestly hope that he is too well aware of the terrible and degrading consequences of his former life, to be in danger from the short interval of temptation that will be left him."

At Pisa Lord Byron saw more than usual of society—Count Gamba, Shelley, Captain Williams, Trelawney, and others. This Captain Williams was the unfortunate companion of Shelley in that excursion which cost them both their lives. The following is a sketch of their melancholy tale:

Mr. Shelley had taken a house at Villa Magni, near Lerici, in the Gulf of Spezzia; he left it on the 30th of

June, 1822, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Williams (formerly of the 8th dragoons), and reached Leghorn that evening. On Monday, the 8th of July, they left Leghorn to return to Mr. Shelley's villa, but never reached their destination; their boat foundered in a storm; and it was only after more than a week of dreadful suspense, that the worst fears of his friends were confirmed—their bodies were thrown from the sea on the Tuscan shore, near Via Reggio. In order to remove them more effectually, and to avoid the quarantine objections of the Tuscan government, the bodies were burnt, and the ashes collected; those of Mr. Williams were sent to England, and the remains of poor Shelley were ultimately deposited in the English burial-ground at Rome, where they were attended to their final abode by some of the most respectable English residents at Rome. He had spent the week before he left Leghorn at Pisa, where he had gone to meet and settle Leigh Hunt. Mrs. Shelley thus wrote of his fatal adventure in her preface to his posthumous works:

"He spent a week at Pisa, employed in kind offices towards his friends, and enjoying with keen delight the renewal of their intercourse. He then embarked with Mr. Williams, the chosen and beloved sharer of his pleasures and of his fate, to return to us. We waited for them in vain; the sea, by its restless moaning,

seemed to desire to inform us of what we would not learn:—but a veil may well be drawn over such misery. The real anguish of these moments transcended all the fictions that the most glowing imagination ever portrayed: our seclusion, the savage nature of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and our immediate vicinity to the troubled sea, combined to imbue with strange horror our days of uncertainty.

"The truth was at last known,—a truth that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb, its sky a pall. Every heart echoed the deep lament; and my only consolation was in the praise and earnest love that each voice bestowed, and each countenance demonstrated, for him we had lost—not, I fondly hope, for ever. His unearthly and elevated nature is a pledge of the continuation of his being, although in an altered form. Rome received his ashes: they are deposited beneath its weed-grown wall; and 'the world's sole monument' is enriched by his remains."

Lord Byron, in speaking of the last melancholy duties to his friends, says: "We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea of what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the background and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to

the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except the *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine."

To the gentlemanly and amiable character and manners of Mr. Shelley all who knew him have warmly testified. He was an enthusiast, regardless of the opinions entertained by the society of which he was a member—he was one who dreamed of a world, and fancied he lived in it. Byron thought he was misunderstood, and sought every opportunity of doing justice to the conduct and character of his friend. Thus, he says, in a letter to Moore: "As to poor Shelley, who is another bugbear to you and the world, he is, to my knowledge, the *least* selfish and mildest of men—a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any I ever heard of. With his speculative opinions I have nothing in common, nor desire to have." Again: "You are all mistaken about Shelley. You do not know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was in society; and as perfect a gentleman as ever crossed a drawing-room, when he liked, and where he liked: he was, without exception, the best and least selfish man I ever knew."

It would be injustice to Mr. Moore not to repeat his testimony to the worth and amiableness of poor Shelley, who, he says, was remarkable for his good breeding, gentle temper, and modesty. In page 368, vol. v. of

the "Life and Works of Lord Byron," he thus writes of him:—

"The melancholy death of poor Shelley, which happened, as we have seen, also during this period, seems to have affected Lord Byron's mind, less with grief for the actual loss of his friend, than with bitter indignation against those who had, through life, so grossly misrepresented him; and never certainly was there an instance where the supposed absence of all religion in an individual was assumed so eagerly as an excuse for the absence of all charity in judging him. Though never personally acquainted with Mr. Shelley, I can join freely with those who most loved him in admiring the various excellences of his heart and genius, and lamenting the too early doom that robbed us of the mature fruits of both. His short life has been, like his poetry, a sort of bright erroneous dream, —false in the general principles on which it proceeded, though beautiful and attaching in most of the details. Had full time been allowed for the 'over-light' of his imagination to have been tempered down by the judgment which, in him, was still in reserve, the world at large would have been taught to pay that high homage to his genius which those only who saw what he was capable of can now be expected to accord to it."



GULF OF SPEZZIA,

CASTLE NEAR SARZANA.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., from a Sketch by John Hughes, Esq.

The scene of the melancholy catastrophe of poor Shelley's fate was near the Gulf of Spezzia, which lies between Genoa and Leghorn, and is usually the quarantine station of the former city. It is considered one of the finest ports in the Mediterranean; and the coasts and country around it surpass in beauty and richness any other part of the northern shores of this sea. There are two lazarettos,—one for merchandise, and another for voyagers; and the entrance is defended by forts. A spring of fresh water rises in the middle of the gulf. The engraved view is taken from a spot very distant from its shores, which appear beyond the hills. The light breaking upon the Isola Palmeria at the mouth, marks the entrance to the gulf near the Porto Venere. The river which is seen to pass through the scene is the Magra, which, rising in the Appennines near Pontremoli, has its estuary in the Mediterranean, a little below Sarzana.

Though the choice of the subject of the Plate was the Gulf of Spezzia, one of the features of the scene, yet the beautiful materials of the view, and among them the finely situated ruins of the old castle, had their influence in its adoption into these " Illustrations."

The noble scenery of the Mediterranean coast is now accessible to every traveller. The road commenced by Napoleon is completed, not only from Genoa to Lucca, but from Nice to Genoa; so that throughout this line of about 300 miles, half of which is on the coast, and the whole generally within sight of it, with good and convenient inns on the route, travellers may post in four or five days along the finest coast scenery of Europe.



THE TIBER.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., from a Sketch by W. Page.

Lord Byron mentions the Tiber but slightly. When speaking of its winding through Rome—

——— "Dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?"

And again, in a distant view from Albano—

——— "Afar
The Tiber winds." ———

The view engraved is taken from the right bank of the Tiber, a little below Ponte Molle. The road from the north of Italy enters under the gate on the left of the bridge; and, having crossed the river, a straight road, nearly two miles in length, leads to the Porta del Popolo, one of the gates of the "Eternal City." Beyond the bridge the view stretches across the Campagna to Tivoli, the Monte Gennaro, and those other beautiful mountains which in that direction bound the Campagna of Rome. The Tiber is seen winding its course through the Campagna on its approach to the Ponte Molle.



Drawn by W. Purser

Engraved by J. Pinder

SORACTE.

London, Published 1833 by J. Murray & Sold by C. Tilt, 86, Fleet street

SORACTE.

CIVITA CASTELLANA.

Drawn by William Purser.

—— " The lone Soracte's height, displayed
Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
May he, who will, his recollections rake
And quote in classic raptures, and awake
The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorr'd
Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word
In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turned
My sickening memory; and, though Time hath taught
My mind to meditate what then it learned,
Yet such the fixed inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touched heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part."

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 74–77.

One of the most beautiful scenes on the road to Rome from the north, is presented at Civita Castellana. All the finest materials of the picturesque are found there: the town, its convents and towers—the palace, like a fortress, raised there by Pope Alexander the Sixth, now serving for a state prison—the precipices overhanging the deep and dark ravines, torn apart by some terrible convulsion—the gulf, thus formed, through which the stream of the Arrone flows—and particularly the magnificent bridge of double arcades thrown over this abyss, which presents a feature that finds its way, with the assemblage of surrounding objects, into the sketch-book of every traveller. Rich woods aid the effect of the scenery; and from the plain of the Campagna beyond rises the beautiful and insulated Mont Soracte, so finely apostrophised by Lord Byron.



ROME

(Mount Aventine)

ROME.

MOUNT AVENTINE.

Drawn by A. W. Callcott, R.A.

"The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride."

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 80.

Mount Aventine is one, and the most western, of the Seven Hills of Rome. It is more easily traceable than some of the others, from its proximity to the Tiber, which washes the northern base of the Aventine: above the river, its bold form rises with little change in its relative height, probably, since the days of the glory of Rome. It is divided from the Palatine Hill by the Circus Maximus, and is said to have derived its name from Aventinus, a king of Alba, who was buried here in a laurel-grove. Pliny mentions laurel-groves as existing in his day on the Aventine. There are many classical associations with the Aventine. Cacus, the robber, had his den on the Mount, and was pursued here by Hercules. Remus chose the Aventine for the site of his inauspicious augury. Here the altar of the

Elician Jove was erected by Numa. At a later period rose the Temple of Liberty, which had attached to it the first public library of Rome; the Temples of Isis, of Diana, and Juno Regina, and many others. Here lived Ennius, the friend of Scipio Africanus, and here stood the private residence of the Emperor Trajan; but all have passed away. "Of all the ancient and magnificent buildings which once covered it, not a trace remains—not a stone to mark where they have stood." The only buildings of modern days are dilapidated churches and half-decayed convents. The principal church now on the Aventine is that of Santa Maria del Priorata. Here a ruined villa belongs to the Branchi family: it was sometimes inhabited by Cardinal Ruffo; the gardens are good, and in them grow the only palm-trees in Rome. The ruins of the pier seen in the view are those of the Pons Sublicius, where Horatius Cocles performed that act of courage and patriotism which has made his name immortal.



TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

" There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;—
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A woman's grave.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
So honoured—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? such have been
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the affections are.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bowed
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weighed upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome:—but whither would Conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love or pride!"

Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 99–103.

The following is Mr. Hobhouse's illustration of Lord Byron's allusion to Cecilia Metella: "Four words and two initials compose the whole of the inscription, which, whatever was its ancient position, is now placed in front of this towering sepulchre:

CÆCILIAE . Q. CRETICI. F. METELLAE . CRASSI.

"It is more likely to have been the pride than the love of Crassus which raised so superb a memorial to a wife whose name is not mentioned in history, unless she be supposed to be that lady whose intimacy with Dolabella was so offensive to Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, or she who was divorced by Lentulus Spinther, or she, perhaps the same person, from whose ear the son of Æsopus transferred a precious jewel to enrich his draught.

"The common people have been more attentive to the ornaments of the sculptor than to the memory of the matron, for the metopes of the frieze, or a single ox's head with the Gaetani arms, gave to this tower during the middle ages the name of Capo di Bove. There appears to have been another place of the same name near Ostia in the year 953, unless this tomb should be supposed to be the place alluded to in an old charter of that date. It was, indeed, an old Roman name; for Suetonius mentions that Augustus was born at a spot in the Palatine called *ad capita bubula.*

"At the fall of the empire of Charlemagne, and the rise of the feudal lords of Italy, the size of some of the tombs must have made the occupation of them a military object, as in the case of the two great mausoleums, and of Cecilia Metella; and in the subsequent periods of repair, the marbles with which they were decorated would expose them to easy spoliation.

"At what period the tomb of Metella was converted into the citadel of a fort can be guessed only by the period at which the monuments in the city were occupied by the nobles. Certain it is that the tomb was put at once to this purpose without any previous spoliation, and that the garrison unconcernedly dwelt over not only the mausoleum but the very ashes of Metella, for the coffin remained in the interior of the sepulchre to the time of Paul III., who removed it to the court of the Farnese palace. The Savelli family were in possession of the fortress in 1312, and the German army of Henry VII. marched from Rome, attacked, took, and burnt it, but were unable to make themselves by force masters of the citadel, that is, of the tomb; which must give us a high notion of its strength or of their weakness. The soldiers of the tomb surrendered their post upon terms, and Henry transferred the whole property to a brother of John Savelli, who had married one of the Colonna, and who was to keep it until a sum of 20,000 marks due to the emperor had been dis-

charged by the dispossessed baron. The Gaetani family became masters of the place afterwards; they raised the walls which are still seen contiguous to the tomb, and were part of their mansion and adjoining offices. To their labours is ascribed the superstructure, part of which still remains on the top of the monument.

"Poggio saw the tomb entire when he first came to Rome; but during his absence, the Romans had ground *this noble work*, for the most part, to lime. This demolition, however, must be understood only of the square basement on which, like the mausoleum of Hadrian, the round tower was raised. Nor was it complete even of the basement, which was not reduced to its present condition until the time of Urban VIII., who, we have seen, cut away some of the travertine blocks for the construction of the fountain of Trevi. The destroyer of the adjoining fortress was Sixtus Quintus, the Hercules of modern Rome, who dislodged every Cacus, and cleared the pontifical states of their dens.

"The tomb has, indeed, been much disfigured, and the lower part of it retains only a few jutting blocks of its former structure; but it is still among the most conspicuous of the Roman ruins, and Mr. Gibbon must have been strangely forgetful of what he had seen, when he wrote, '*The sepulchre of Metella has sunk under its outworks.*' On the contrary, it is the sepulchre which

remains, and the outworks which have sunk. The feeble labours of puny modern nerves are fast crumbling round the massive fabric, which seems to promise an existence as long as the period of its former duration.

" It must seem singular that so little should be known of the two persons whose tombs were to survive those of so many illustrious names. Cestius is as little famous as Metella, and his pyramid is no less conspicuous than her tower. Oblivion, however, has been kind, perhaps, to one who has left no other present to posterity than this ambitious sepulchre; if, as there is some reason to suspect, this Cestius, tribune of the people, prætor, and a septemvir, is the same Cestius, a prætor, and flatterer of the Augustan court, who was publicly scourged by the order of Marcus Cicero the son for having said that his father was unacquainted with literature."

The view is one of the most beautiful that has been given in these " Illustrations," and is taken from near the church of San Sebastiano. The tomb is seen on the high ground in the Appian way. In the middle distance, on the left, some low arches appear; they formed one end of the boundary of the circus of Caracalla.



TIVOLI.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., from a Sketch by W. Page.

Lord Byron made a short tour from Rome to Tivoli, Frascati, and the Alban hills; and though, from the haste with which he visited Rome and its environs, he has detailed little, in his letters, of the scenes and objects he had examined, the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" has given an immortality to the impressions which he received in the course of a few days.

The object at Tivoli which generally attracts the first visit of the traveller is the beautiful Temple of Vesta, on the precipice which overhangs the great torrent of the Anio; it is immediately accessible from the inn, and is so finely situated, that it is not only an object of singular beauty from every point whence it can be seen, but the views from the little terrace round it are more commanding of the extraordinary *locale* of Tivoli than any other spot in this enchanting country. The view is taken from the left bank of the Anio, above the great fall constructed by Bernini; for, natural as all the falls and cataracts around Tivoli appear to be,

they are really artificial, that is, the water has been led into its present channels—the great fall is hid beneath the wall in the foreground of the engraving. A few years since, a great flood of the Anio burst the dike which regulated the direction of the water over this fall and to the cascatelli, and the whole rushed over the latter, leaving the great fall dry. This has now been restored. The temporary bridge of wood, built over the ruins of a former stone one, which appears in the scene, fell within these few years, just after some English visitors had passed over. It is frightful to reflect upon what they escaped; the bridge not only spans a horrid ravine of immense depth, but the torrent of the Anio, which foams through it, and which would have forced their bodies through gulfs and caverns, if they had fallen with the frail means provided for crossing this fearful chasm. A new stone bridge has been since built, nearer to the foreground of this view.

Whether the beautiful temple in the scene be that of Vesta or the Sibyl is still unsettled by antiquaries; but of its exquisite proportions and picturesque site there is no dispute. Simond says:

"Sallust and many other illustrious Romans had houses at or near Tivoli, and near the gates Brutus and Cassius were next-door neighbours. The two temples of Vesta and of the Sibyl, both very small, are much admired; the former for its fine proportions, as well as

for the good taste and high finish of its ornaments; the other for its high antiquity, being older than old Rome itself, and much worn and weather-beaten. A total disregard to symmetrical locality appears in their reciprocal situations, as is the case with most antique edifices. The interior of the Temple of Vesta is only twenty feet square; but that narrow space was large enough for the priest, who alone entered it, while the people outside waited to hear what the interpreter of the gods had to say.

"These temples are erected on the top of a mass of tufa, about eighty feet in thickness, resting on stratified rocks. These and all the other edifices of ancient and of modern Rome are built of travertine stone, a concretion very porous and light, although hard and durable; but the temple of Vesta seems to have been covered over with a coat of lime, which fills up and hides the interstices of the travertine stone, and appears quite as hard."

Another author says:—"Tivoli itself is lost from below. We might be amidst the remotest solitudes of Nature; but the airy temple of the Sibyl on the cliff above, overhanging the flood, recalls the works of man in all their ancient greatness, and the times when he himself was great. This beautiful temple, which stands on the very spot where the eye of taste would have placed it, and on which it ever reposes with delight, is one of

the most attractive features of the scene, and perhaps gives to Tivoli its greatest charm. One cannot but marvel at the inconceivable barbarism of the Goth, that after gazing upon it in a spot like this, would have packed it up and carried it away, to bury it in an obscure park in England. The late Lord Bristol, that man of taste, formed this project, and actually bought it of the innkeeper in whose yard it stands, and was proceeding to have it packed up to send to England (every stone numbered so as to re-erect it), when luckily the government interposed, declared Roman ruins to be public property, and as such prohibited its removal. Independent of its situation, it may serve as a model of architecture, so perfect, and so exquisitely beautiful are its designs, its symmetry, and proportions. It is believed to be of the Augustan age. The small circular cell is surrounded with a portico, which has formerly consisted of eighteen Corinthian columns, of which ten only are now standing. Fortunately they are left on the side most essential to the beauty of the view; and those which are fallen, perhaps tend to give it the interest and picturesque character of a ruin, without destroying its beauties as a building. The foliage of the capitals is of the olive; the frieze is sculptured with rams' heads and festoons of flowers; and it is remarkable that the columns, which are of Tiburtine stone, have no plinths. It is the fashion now, merely because it is circular, to call it the

Temple of Vesta. But this was one of the most common forms of ancient temples, and by no means exclusively appropriated to that goddess. Why, therefore, may not the famous temple of the Sibyl have been circular also? Does it not exactly answer to the situation? Is it not still 'Albunea Alta,' the 'Domus Albuneæ Resonantis?'

"Not far from it are the remains of another ancient temple, of an oblong form, now metamorphosed into the church of St. Giorgio, with a portico of four Ionic columns in front. A sepulchral figure of a man on a tomb, which was found here, and also the Anio reclining on his urn, were each in turn christened the Sibyl; and this building is now, by all the erudite, called the Temple of the Sibyl. It may as probably have been any one of the many temples that adorned ancient Tibur. We are told to look for the site of the temple of Hercules where the cathedral now stands, and we may fancy it where we please. Augustus, who generally spent the summer here, used to sit in its portico to administer justice.

"Tibur was the town sacred to Hercules; so, indeed, was almost every neighbouring place and scene, not excepting early Rome itself. But the antiquity of Tibur goes as far back as the light of history. It can be traced more than five hundred years before Rome had a name, and its origin is lost in the obscurity of fable."—*Rome in the Nineteenth Century.*

Forsyth, in his admirable remarks upon Italy, thus notices the hill of Tivoli. "It is all over picture. The city, the villas, the ruins, the rocks, the cascades, in the foreground; the Sabine hills, the three Monticelli, Soracte, Frascati, the Campagna, and Rome in the distance: these form a succession of landscapes superior, in the delight produced, to the richest cabinet of Claude's. Tivoli cannot be described: no true portrait of it exists; all views alter and embellish it; they are poetical translations of the matchless original. Indeed, when you come to detail the hill, some defect of harmony will ever be found in the foreground or distance; something in the swell or channelling of its sides, something in the growth or the grouping of its trees, which painters, referring every object to its effect on canvass, will often condemn as bad Nature. In fact the beauties of landscape are all accidental: Nature, intent on more important ends, does nothing exclusively to please the eye. No stream flows exactly as the artist would wish it; he wants mountains where he finds only hills; he wants hills where he finds a plain. Nature gives him but scattered elements—the composition is his own."



E. Nicholas

THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

Drawn by W. Brockedon, 1833.

" Lady! if for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
Thou art the cause; and howsoever I
Fall short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,
Spakest; and for thee to speak and be obeyed
Are one; but only in the sunny South
Such sounds are uttered, and such charms displayed,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth —
Ah! to what effort would it not persuade?

" Ravenna, June 21, 1819."

This sonnet is the dedication of the " Prophecy of Dante" to the Countess Guiccioli, at whose suggestion the subject was chosen.

The Countess Guiccioli was the daughter of Count Gamba, a nobleman of Ravenna. She was taken at an

early age from a convent, to become the wife of Count Guiccioli, a widower old enough to be her grandfather, and rich enough to buy the consent of the parents of any young lady of family in the states of the church, in spite of a character not distinguished for its worthiness. This marriage of custom, instead of affection, had not taken place long before her visit to Venice, in the spring of 1819, where her acquaintance with Lord Byron commenced, which continued to his death. He met her in society at the Countess Benzoni's. Moore, in his "Life of Lord Byron," has detailed their introduction to each other—their early acquaintance and continued attachment—and shewn the influence which she had over him to subdue his passions, to restrain for a time even the continuance of his poem of "Don Juan," and to direct his energies to nobler subjects; and numerous extracts are given from her correspondence, which characterise the affection to which she had devoted herself, and the accomplishments which had attracted and secured its object.

It is acknowledged by the friends of Lord Byron, that the affection of the Guiccioli brought him back from a state of low and degrading dissipation, to health and to all the tranquillity of which his temperament was susceptible, and that his heart, seared by domestic abandonment, could receive.

In the winter of 1832–3, this lady came to England

with her brother. The object of her journey hither was to visit all the scenes associated with Byron, and to make a pilgrimage to his grave. She was naturally an object of interest to those to whom she became known; and there were few, if any, who did not perceive in her appearance, her manners, and her accomplishments, how strong her influence must have been where these were employed to create and secure affection.



Drawn by J. D. Harding from a sketch by W. Page.

Engraved by E. Finden.

BAY OF NAPLES.

Drawn by J. D. Harding, from a Sketch by W. Page.

Lord Byron says (Letter 273) that he never visited Naples. He speaks of it thus: "I shan't go to Naples. It is but the second-best sea-view, and I have seen the first and third, viz. Constantinople and Lisbon—(by the way, the last is but a river view; however, they reckon it after Stamboul and Naples, and before Genoa)—and Vesuvius is silent, and I have passed by Etna, &c." As views of Constantinople are given in these "Illustrations," Lord Byron's readers are afforded an opportunity of judging of the justness of his remark.

M'Farlane, who knew both cities, has compared them in the following observations: "The mountains of Thrace, in the background, are neither lofty nor picturesque; the European and Asiatic hills on the Bosphorus are of inconsiderable elevation; and the sublime, poetical Mount Olympus does not form part of the view of Constantinople. At more than twenty miles' distance, with the sea of Marmora between, it is but rarely seen at sunset, and then you must turn your back on the city, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn.

Nor, in embracing the view of Constantinople, the channel and the port, from the most favourable point (the hills behind Scutari), do the pretty islands of Prinkipo, Khalki, Antigone, and Protè, enter into the picture: they are behind you in a nook of the Propontis, close in to the Asiatic shore. This is a different and inferior arrangement from that which I have dwelt on for months, for years, with an overflowing heart at Naples, where a magnificent champaign, 'che l'Apennin parte, e il mar circonda,' is bounded by stupendous mountains whichever way you turn—where Vesuvius rises stark and isolated—where the coast is bold, and rich in high romantic capes—and the island of Capri, the most picturesque rock that was ever moulded by nature, forms an intrinsic part of the panorama, which, in some positions, may be enriched by the accession of the populous island of Procida, and the majestic volcanic peaks of the island of Ischia.

"The scenery of Constantinople is certainly more curious, and there is an oriental, novel air about it, calculated to strike the European. Of a hundred travellers, perhaps ninety would extol it above that of Naples; but the remaining ten would be such as intensely studied nature, and had been penetrated with the true pictorial and poetic essence. A Dutch painter, charmed with the details before him, would at once 'pitch his desk' at Stamboul; but a Claude Lorraine

would, after the comparison, return with increased adoration to the southern parts of the Italian peninsula.

" I enjoyed a smile one evening at the table of the ——, when an opaque baron from the north of Germany entered on the hackneyed comparison of Constantinople and Naples; — a ridiculous comparison, rendered doubly so by his awkward mode of treating it. He gave a decided preference to the Turkish capital, but finished by regretting that Stamboul did not possess a volcano. *' C'est la seul chose, Matame l'Ambassadrice, la seul chose qui maanque à cette fille, c'est un Mont Vesuve!'* The amiable lady might have thought that Constantinople had already volcanoes enough (I mean of a moral kind), and that the picturesqueness of such an unamiable neighbour would hardly compensate for its inconveniences. *Mais passe pour cela*, the baron knew nothing of scenery when he cited Vesuvius as the finest feature of that of Naples."



CAPE LEUCADIA.

LOVER'S LEAP.

Drawn by Copley Fielding, from a Sketch by Major Harriot.

" Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave;
And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only heaven to which Earth's children may aspire.

* * * * *

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow:
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid front."

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 39 and 41.

CAPE LEUCADIA.

This beautiful print, from Mr. C. Fielding's drawing, has been admirably managed to give effect and distinctness to the scene of Sappho's despair or vexation.

"We went," says Dodwell, "to the Leucadian promontory by sea: it is a narrow slip of rocks, projecting a considerable way, in a direction nearly south-east; the northern side rises in gentle slopes and round hills. The southern presents a bold and precipitous face of white marble, broken into perpendicular masses of great height and beauty; the glittering whiteness of which forms a singular contrast with the dark evergreens which grow in the crevices of the rock.

"The sea from which these noble precipices arise is deep and clear, and in some places broken by pointed and insulated rocks. It was with some difficulty we found a path to ascend to the summit of the promontory.

"On the edge of one of the precipices are the foundations of a building, apparently the cella of a temple, composed of large quadrilateral stones, several heaps of which were also scattered among the bushes. The rock on which this ruin stands rises perpendicularly from the sea to a considerable height; and I have been assured there is a Greek inscription on its face, near its summit, in large letters, and visible from the sea below; but it escaped my observation. This is the

Lover's Leap, as there is no other place which was so completely free from projecting rocks, and where the sea was also clear from insulated masses. On an adjoining precipice, of still greater height, are the remains of a small circular building, composed of regular masonry, near which are many fragments of pottery of finest workmanship: there were three kinds; the red, the black, and a coarse kind of a light red colour. An excavation might be made here with success. The earth seems not to have been disturbed, and the place is little visited by travellers.

"The ruins which are seen on the lower precipice are probably the remains of the Temple of Apollo.

"On looking from the edge of this cliff down on the sea which roars below, it is almost impossible to imagine that the human breast could have sufficient courage to take this dreadful leap, to cure an unhappy or a hopeless passion; and yet we are told that the amorous Maces, of Buthrotum, performed it no less than four times, and at last got the better of his love.

"The festival of the Leucadian Apollo was annual; and a criminal who had been condemned to death was precipitated into the sea as an expiatory victim.

"The view from hence is very extensive. Towards the west is the open sea, looking towards Sicily and Italy. Turning to the opposite direction, the eye wanders over the Acarnanian coast and several of its

islands, particularly Megalo-nesi; next is seen the small island of Atăco, the distant mountains of Arcadia, and the islands of Ithaca and Cephallenia."

Hughes, in his "Travels in Greece," describes his visit to Leucadia; and says of the small circular building mentioned by Dodwell, that it is the remains of a Venetian structure, and that near the portentous Leap a monastery is built in honour of St. Nicolo, to which, on his Neptunian festival, vast multitudes of the islanders, with their continental neighbours, annually repair.

In the "Spectator," No. 223, Addison has amused us with a pretended translation of a Greek manuscript found in the Temple of Apollo, on the promontory of Leucate; he says it is a short history of the Lover's Leap, and is inscribed "An account of persons, male and female, who offered up their vows in the Temple of the Pythian Apollo, in the forty-sixth Olympiad, to leap from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love;" and in another paper, No. 233, he has given a humorous list of these worthies, of whom three or four may be quoted, with the prefatory remark of the author.

"This account is very dry in many parts, as only mentioning the name of the lover who leaped, the person he leaped for, and relating, in short, that he was either cured, or killed, or maimed by the fall. It indeed gives the names of so many who died by it, that

it would have looked like a bill of mortality, had I translated it at full length. I have therefore made an abridgment of it, and only extracted such particular passages as have something extraordinary, either in the case, or in the cure, or in the fate of the person who is mentioned in it.

"Cleora, a widow of Ephesus, being inconsolable for the death of her husband, was resolved to take this leap in order to get rid of her passion for his memory; but being arrived at the promontory, she there met with Dimmachus the Miletian, and after a short conversation with him laid aside the thoughts of her leap, and married him in the Temple of Apollo.

"Atalanta, an old maid, whose cruelty had several years before driven two or three despairing lovers to this leap, being now in the fifty-fifth year of her age, and in love with an officer of Sparta, broke her neck in the fall.

"Diagoras, the usurer, in love with his cook-maid; he peeped several times over the precipice, but his heart misgiving him, he went back, and married her that evening.

"Sappho, the Lesbian, in love with Phaon, arrived at the Temple of Apollo, habited like a bride in garments as white as snow. She wore a garland of myrtle on her head, and carried in her hand the little musical instrument of her own invention. After having sung

an hymn to Apollo, she hung up her garland on one side of his altar, and her harp on the other. She then tucked up her vestments, like a Spartan virgin, and amidst thousands of spectators, who were anxious for her safety, and offered up vows for her deliverance, marched directly forwards to the utmost summit of the promontory, where, after having repeated a stanza of her own verses, which we could not hear, she threw herself off the rock with such an intrepidity as was never before observed in any who had attempted that dangerous leap. Many who were present related that they saw her fall into the sea, from whence she never rose again; though there were others who affirmed that she never came to the bottom of her leap, but that she was changed into a swan as she fell, and that they saw her hovering in the air under that shape. But whether or no the whiteness and fluttering of her garments might not deceive those who looked upon her, or whether she might not really be metamorphosed into that musical and melancholy bird, is still a doubt among the Lesbians."



YANINA.

Drawn by J. D. Harding, from a Sketch by C. R. Cockerell, A.R.A.

Another view of Yanina, chosen from a beautiful point by Mr. Cockerell. It is a more general view of the city, and will enable the reader of the description quoted and given in the former notice, better to comprehend the enchanting situation of Yanina, its lake, and the surrounding mountains, particularly that fine one above the city, called by the Turks Mitzekeli, which is considered one of the ramifications of the Pindus.



Drawn by W Purser

Engraved by J Willmore

THE VALE OF TEMPE

VALE OF TEMPE.

Drawn by William Purser.

" Childe Harold passed o'er many a mount sublime,
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales;
Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast
A charm they know not."

Childe Harold, canto ii. st. 46.

Dodwell describes, with more detail than any other author, the Vale of Tempe. The following is extracted from his work on Greece:—

" On the morning of the 5th we mounted our horses, in order to pass the whole day at the Vale of Tempe, one of the principal objects of our journey from Athens. We descended to the plain, crossed a small stream, and came to an open forest of platani, of great size and venerable age, upon the eastern bank of the Peneios, whose gentle current glides sequestered under the arching shade. It flows, says Ælian, as smooth as oil. Ovid affirms that it rolls with foaming waves; but he alludes to that part of the stream which is between its source and the Thessalian plain. It rises

on Pindos, near Gomphi, and before it enters Tempe receives several of the Thessalian rivers; particularly the Apidanos, Onochonos, Enipeus, and the Parnisos; it also receives the tributary streams of the Kouralios and Titaresios. A short way from the forest of platani we entered the Vale of Tempe, that is thrown between the approximating precipices of Ossa and Olympos; the former on the south, the latter on the north. The summits of these mountains are not visible from any part of the valley; but the traveller beholds on each side a stupendous wall of mighty precipices rising in prodigious grandeur, shattered into deformities, and sprinkled with a wild profusion of trees and aromatic shrubs. The road runs at the foot of Ossa, with the Peneios flowing to the left, by which it is separated from Olympos. In some places this river displays a broad channel, which in others is so narrow that it has the appearance of being compressed by the opposite rocks, the collision of which is prevented only by an intervening glen of a few hundred paces in breadth.

"One of the most ancient names of the Peneios, according to Strabo, was Araxis, from its having burst its way through Ossa and Olympos. We proceeded along the ancient way, which has been cut with much labour on the steep and rugged side of Ossa. Soon after entering the vale, we came to an aperture in the rock, about three feet in circumference, and close to the

right of the road; it is denominated ανεμοτρουπα, 'the wind-hole,' from a violent and cold wind which issues from it with a roaring noise. A short way further we came to a clear and cold spring, gushing with impetuosity from beneath the roots of a large platanus. It immediately enters the Peneios, from whose dusky current its limpid waters may long be discriminated. As far as this spot the vale is of narrow and contracted dimensions; but here it is enlarged into a greater expanse. The trees which are scattered at the foot of Olympos suffer the eye to glance with delight on intervening glades of lively verdure, which are vividly contrasted with the sterile rocks and dark precipices that form the prominent features of the vale. The banks of the river are in many places embowered by platani of such ample growth, that while they lave their pendent branches in the stream, they form so dense a screen as almost entirely to exclude the rays of the sun. The wild olive, the laurel,* the oleander, the agnos, various kinds of arbuti, the yellow jasmine, terebinth, lentiscus, and rosemary, with the myrtle and laburnum, richly decorate the margin of the river, while masses of aromatic plants and flowers exhale

* "Daphne was said to be the daughter of Peneios, because the laurel abounded on its banks. The first temple which was erected to Apollo at Delphi was constructed with the laurel of Tempe.—*Pausan.* b. x. c. 5."

their varied perfumes and breathe their luscious odours through the scented air. A multiplicity of oaks, of firs, and of other forest-trees, are seen flourishing in a higher region of the mountains. The vale, as if by some giant-pressure, is again reduced to a narrow glen, and in some parts no more space is left than is sufficient for the current of the river, above which Ossa and Olympos shoot up in precipices of almost perpendicular ascent. The grandest rock that I ever beheld is nearly in the middle of the valley, where it raises its gigantic form into the air, impressing the beholder with surprise and wonder. Its aspiring summit is crowned by the remains of an ancient fortress, of Roman construction: a marble cornice, which had fallen from the ruins, was lying in the road. Having proceeded some way from this spot, we arrived at the narrowest part of the valley, where Ossa and Olympos are only separated by the Peneios. The ancient road is here judiciously cut in the rock; and as it mounts, resting-places for the horses' feet have been dexterously contrived in the surface of the stone, which would otherwise be slippery, and expose the traveller to the danger of being precipitated into the river. The rock has also been worn by the ancient marks of wheels; and there is just room for two carriages to pass with ease, as the breadth occupied by the carriages of the ancients was about five feet, and that of the road thirteen feet. This was

formerly one of the fortified parts of the valley, as is evident by the inscription which is cut in the face of a rock, rising from the right-hand side of the way.

* * * *

" Proceeding from this place, we soon arrived at the Macedonian extremity of Tempe; and, through the glen of Ossa and Olympos, enjoyed a beautiful perspective of the rich Pierian plain, that was formerly thronged with numerous cities, and an animated population; but at present it is a solitude of fields and trees."

" The description of the valley of Tempe, which has been given by Pliny, is particularly interesting, as he has feelingly depicted the beauty and grandeur of the scenery, a subject generally neglected by ancient authors. The account of Ælian is still more beautiful, and more in unison with the exquisite beauty of the spot which he describes. He says that 'Tempe is between Olympos and Ossa, mountains of prodigious height, separated from each other by Divine agency. The intermediate vale is forty stadii in length, and in some parts a *plethron* in breadth, and in others more. The Peneios flows through the valley, and is engrossed by the confluence of other rivers. This place is varied with many beautiful recesses; not the works of art, but of spontaneous nature, whose embellishments appear to have been studiously lavished on this favoured

spot; for copious and thick ivy, like the spreading vine, twines up the highest trees, while the rocks are shaded by abundant verdure, refreshing to the eye. Within the vale are many forests and retired spots, which in the heat of summer refresh and alleviate the weary traveller. Frequent rivulets and springs, of the best and coolest water, strengthen those who bathe in them. The birds, on all sides, sing the whole day long, with the sweetest melody soothing the way-worn stranger as he travels through the vale. On each side of the river are sweet and solitary spots; the slow and sluggish Peneios flows through the vale as smooth as oil. The thick foliage of the trees, with their wide-spreading branches, protect from the fury of the sun those who navigate the river. The neighbouring people here assemble, performing sacrifices, and indulging in conviviality; and the traveller is greeted with the grateful odour of frequent victims.'"



MOUNT OLYMPUS.

Drawn by W. Purser.

"Long have I roamed through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp, and loved the Appennine—
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep."

The Island, canto ii. st. 12.

"'But never mind,' as somebody says, 'for the blue sky bends over all.' I only could be glad if it bent over me when it is a little bluer; like the 'skyish top of blue Olympus,' which, by the way, looked very white when I last saw it."

Byron's Letter to Moore, (232).

Mount Olympus is associated with all that is important in the mythology of the Greeks. The summit of Olympus was believed to be the residence of the gods; and Jupiter Olympius, the chief of the deities and of this mountain, gave, from his appellation Olympius, the name to those celebrated games which were instituted to his honour, and held at Olympia, a town of Elis, in Peloponnesus. These olympiads form the epochs of Greek chronology.



ACROPOLIS.

Drawn by J. D. Harding, from a Sketch by C. R. Cockerell, A.R.A.

"The Temple of Minerva, with the other buildings of the Acropolis, are the most celebrated of all the Athenian edifices. In point of influence on the imagination, all the elaborate sculptures of the Parthenon, the Erectheum, the Pandroseum, and the Propylia, fall infinitely short of the ivied cloisters of a monastery, or the ruder masses of a feudal castle. Artists may here find models; but the cursory traveller, who expects to be awed by the venerable aspect of the ruin, will wonder at the apathy of his own feelings: he must become a student, in order to appreciate the excellence of Grecian sculpture.

"Minerva, among the ancient Athenians, possessed nearly the same kind of pre-eminence which the moderns allow to the Virgin Mary. The worship of the Parthenia and the Panagia differ only in ritual. Minerva is considered by the mythologists as the personification of the Divine Wisdom; and the fable of her issuing perfect from the head of Jupiter, they say is descriptive of this notion. I have somewhere read that

one of her statues or temples bore an inscription which implied this opinion. Her contest with Neptune for the wardenship of the city is a very pretty allegory. The rival deities referred their respective pretensions to the twelve great gods, who decided that the wardenship should be given to the one that produced the most useful thing to the citizens. Neptune instantly created the horse, and Minerva raised the olive. By the horse navigation is hieroglyphically represented; ships are also often figuratively described as horses. The olive, which furnishes at once light food and cleanliness, was preferred. This fable is but an account of an ancient dispute amongst the inhabitants of the city of Cecrops, whether they ought to devote themselves to maritime affairs or to the cultivation of the soil. The question being referred to the twelve judges of the Areopagus, they decided in favour of the latter. The people, in consequence, preferred Minerva to Neptune."—*Galt's Travels.*



SALAMIS.

Drawn by W. Purser.

"Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!"

Giaour.

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?"

Don Juan, canto 3.

The isle of Salamis lies in the Saronic gulf, on the southern coast of Attica, nearly opposite to Eleusis. It belonged to the Athenians, though, from its situation between Athens and Megara, the inhabitants of the latter city contested its possession for some time with the Athenians.

The name of Salamis is associated with the memorable battle fought on the 20th of October, 480 years before Christ, between the Persians under Xerxes, when he invaded Attica, and the Greeks, who successfully

defended their country with a force of only 380 ships against 2000, of which they destroyed about 200. The following is Gillies' account of the battle.

"Before the dawn of the day the Grecian ships were drawn up in order of battle; and the Persians, who had been surprised at not finding them attempt to escape during night, were still more surprised when morning discovered their artful orderly arrangement. The Greeks began with the light their sacred hymns and pæans, which preceded their triumphal songs of war, accompanied by the animating sound of the trumpet. The shores of Attica re-echoed to the rocks of Salamis and Psyttalea. The Grecian acclamations filled the sky. Neither their appearance nor their words betokened flight or fear, but rather determined intrepidity and invincible courage. Yet was their valour tempered with wisdom. Themistocles delayed the attack until the ordinary breeze should spring up, which was no less favourable to the experience of the Grecian mariners, than dangerous to the lofty unwieldiness of the Persian ships. The signal was then given for the Athenian line to bear down against that of the Phœnicians, which rode on the west, off the coast of Eleusis; while the Peloponnesians advanced against the enemy's left wing stationed on the east, near the harbour of the Piræus. The Persians, confiding in their number, and secure of victory, did not decline the fight. A Phœ-

nician galley, of uncommon size and strength, was distinguished in the front of their line by every circumstance of naval pomp. In the eagerness to engage she far outstripped her companions; but her career was checked midway between the two fleets by an Athenian galley which had sailed forth to meet her. The first shock shattered her sculptured prow, the second buried her in the waves. The Athenians, encouraged by this auspicious prelude, proceeded with their whole force, animating each other to the combat by a martial song: 'Advance, ye sons of Athens! save your country, defend your wives and children, deliver the temples of your gods, regain the sacred tombs of your renowned forefathers; *this day*, the common cause of Greece demands your valour.' The battle was bloody and destructive, and disputed on the side of the Persians with more obstinate resistance than on any former occasion; for, from the Attic coast, seated on a lofty throne on the top of Mount Ægialos, Xerxes observed the scene of action, and attentively remarked, with a view to reward and punish, the various behaviour of his subjects. The presence of their prince operated on their hopes, and still more powerfully on their fears. But neither the hope of acquiring the favour, nor the fear of incurring the displeasure of a despot, could furnish principles of action worthy of being compared with the patriotism and love of liberty which actuated the Greeks. To the

dignity of their motives, as much as to the superiority of their skill, the latter owed their unexampled success in this memorable engagement. The foremost ships of the Phœnicians were dispersed or sunk. Amidst the terror and confusion occasioned by their repulse, they ran foul of those which had been drawn up in two lines behind them. The Athenians skilfully encircled them around, compressed them into a narrower space, and increased their disorder; they were at length entangled in each other, deprived of all power of action, and, to use the humble, but expressive figure of an eye-witness, 'caught and destroyed like fish in a net.' Such was the fate of the right wing; while the Ionians, who, on the left, opposed the fleets of Peloponnesus and Ægina, furnished them with an opportunity to complete the victory. Many of the Asiatic Greeks, mindful of the advice given by Themistocles, abandoned the interest of the great king, and openly declared for their countrymen; others declined the engagement; the remainder were sunk or put to flight. * * * *

"The Phœnician and Ionian squadrons (for that of the Egyptians had been exceedingly weakened by the action on the coast of Eubœa) formed the main strength of the Persian armament; after these were defeated, the ships at a distance ventured not to advance, but hastily changing sail, measured back their course to the Athenian and other neighbouring harbours. The victors

disdaining to pursue them, dragged the most valuable part of the wreck to the coasts of Psyttalea and Salamis. The narrow seas were covered with the floating carcasses of the dead, among whom were few Greeks, as even those who lost their ships in the engagement saved their lives by swimming, an art which they universally learned as a necessary branch of education, and with which the barbarians were totally unacquainted.

"Xerxes had scarcely time to consider and deplore the destruction and disgrace of his fleet, when a new spectacle, not less mournful, offered itself to his sight. The flower of the Persian infantry had taken post, as we have already observed, on the rocky island of Psyttalea, in order to receive the shattered remains of the Grecian armament, which, after its expected defeat, would naturally take refuge on that barren coast. But equally fallacious and fatal was their conjecture concerning the event of the battle. The Greeks, disembarking from their ships, attacked, in the enthusiasm of victory, those astonished troops, who, unable to resist, and finding it impossible to fly, were cut down to a man. As Xerxes beheld this dreadful havoc, he started in wild agitation from his silver throne, rent his royal robes, and, in the first moment of his returning tranquillity, commanded the main body of his forces, posted along the Athenian coast, to return to their respective camps."



BRIDGE OF EGRIPO,

NEGROPONT.

Drawn by C. Stanfield, A.R.A., from a Sketch by J. R. C. Helpman, R.N.

"The town of Negropont, which gives the name to the whole island," says Galt, "is situated on a point of land projecting towards the coast of Bœotia, to which it is connected by a bridge. The strait is here so narrow as to serve as a ditch to the fortifications. The water on the north side of the bridge is the chief resort of the few small vessels that trade with the town. On the south side there is a fine land-locked natural basin, which communicates with the outer harbour by a passage perhaps not more than two hundred yards wide. The outer harbour is formed by two low points of land, projecting from the continent and the island. On the end of the insular point a small white castle is placed—the beacon and sentinel of the port. The appearance of the city and fortifications, as we passed below the walls of the fortress of Carrababa, is pretty and inviting; but, like every thing else in Turkey, the distant view is the best.

"As we crossed the bridge the water was running to the southward. The irregularity of the flux and reflux of the sea here has, from time immemorial, been regarded as a great curiosity. We were, therefore, particular in our inquiries, in order to ascertain if the phenomenon could be explained by any local circumstance. The flow, we were told, is, in serene weather, as regularly alternate from the north to the south, and from the south to the north, as the tides of the ocean; but, during winter and storms, the alternation is disturbed and various, owing to the effect which the wind has on the waters of the narrow straits between the island and the continent.

"The fortifications of Negropont were constructed by the Venetians, and the arms of that state are still seen above one of the gates. They were in their day considered of great strength; but the Turkish fortress of Carrababa so completely commands them, that they must always be resigned to the masters of it. The town is dirty and miserable. The population does not exceed 5000 souls. The climate is unwholesome, and is often visited by pestilence. The number of tombs and cemeteries around mark the *Black Bridge* as a place particularly noxious to life: nor are the inhabitants more benevolent than their climate; they have the character of being the worst Turks in Europe, regardless alike of the property and blood of the wretches subjected to their caprice and cruelty.

"Not long before our arrival, a most detestable occurrence had taken place, the circumstances of which serve to illustrate the state of society and of the judicature in Negropont. A beautiful girl, who had acquired many accomplishments superior to the rest of her sex in Turkey, attracted the desires of a young Turk, who bribed her servant to decoy her to a sequestered place in the fortifications. Without any of those preliminary blandishments with which more refined seducers palliate their guilt to the victims, he violated and then murdered her. The servant assisted him to dig her grave. After several days of general concern and anxiety, a labourer discovered her feet above the earth; the criminals were suspected, and seized, but were soon after liberated; for the pashaw, although the poor girl had, from her infancy, delighted him with her genius, commuted the punishment for a bribe. From the affections of a barbarian better justice might have been expected. But here crimes and death are so common, that they have ceased to produce their natural impression on the human heart. We only halted to breakfast, feeling no inclination to stay without a firman in a town where the greatest curiosities were the fields of the dead, and the most interesting information was the atrocity of the last crime."—*Galt's Voyages and Travels.*

Egripo was anciently Chalcis in Eubœa; and nume-

rous are its associations with the heroic ages. At the period of Lord Byron's first visit to Greece it was so utterly degraded, that its tyrants were proverbially the worst in that fallen country; for he repeats the proverb, that "the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races."



RHODES

RHODES.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., from a Sketch by W. Page.

The celebrity of Rhodes has perhaps been derived as much from the colossal statue of Apollo which bestrode the entrance to its harbour, as from its early and classical history, or the celebrity of the deeds of its knights. The statue was above one hundred feet in height, and it stood upon the moles which formed the entrance to the harbour. The situations of these moles are seen in this view: on one the square tower rests; and of the other, the rock only is seen upon which the mole was anciently built. The statue was the work of Chares, the disciple of Lysippus, who is said to have been twelve years employed in its execution. It remained standing about eighty years, when it was partly destroyed by an earthquake. It remained in ruins nearly 900 years, when it was sold, in the year of the Christian era 672, by the Saracens, who at that time had possession of Rhodes. The quantity of brass, of which it was made, was sufficient even in its ruins to load nine hundred camels.



THE DRACHENFELS.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

" The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me ;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such ;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round :
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine ! "

These lines, addressed to his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, are found between the 55th and 56th stanzas of the fourth canto of " Childe Harold."

The Castle of Drachenfels, or the Dragon's Rock, is placed on the highest peak of " the Seven Mountains," and almost overhangs the Rhine. The views from the ruins of the castle are magnificent: it is situated on the right bank of the Rhine, nearly opposite

to Rolandseck, and not far above the city of Bonn, to which Lord Byron adverts in " Don Juan," canto 10.

> " Bonn,
> Which Drachenfels frowns over, like a spectre
> Of the good feudal times for ever gone,
> On which I have not time just now to lecture."

The ruins of the Drachenfels, like those of all the castellated remains on the Rhine, are connected with singular traditions.



MR. MURRAY,

PUBLISHER OF LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

Painted by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.

A WORK like this, professing to illustrate, by landscapes and portraits, the works of Lord Byron, would, it has been thought by the projectors, Messrs. Finden, have been imperfect in the estimation of the public without the portrait of Mr. Murray, so intimately connected as he was with his lordship, as his publisher.

Their acquaintance began in 1811, in consequence of Mr. Murray having purchased the copyright of his lordship's poem of "Childe Harold." From the appearance of that extraordinary work to within six or seven weeks of Lord Byron's death, the connexion continued; and the "Life of Byron" owes much of its interest to the letters written by his lordship to his publisher, towards whom the most unreserved correspondence on the part of Lord Byron took place; and in these letters to him, in poetry and in prose,—from the height of hilarity and fun to the depth of his own miseries,—less reserve is shewn than perhaps in

any other part of his correspondence. At the commencement of their acquaintance, the money or business part of it was arranged by those to whom his lordship gave his manuscripts; afterwards it became an affair between themselves, and the result of that connexion is shewn in the sums paid by Mr. Murray for copyrights of Lord Byron's works, which amount to 23,540*l.*, and are detailed in the seventh volume of the "complete edition of Lord Byron's Life and Works."

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